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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Ecclesiastical Sketches. By William Wordsworth. 8vo. pp. 123. London, 1822. Longman & Co.

THE disease of the mind which manifests itself in eruptions of poetry, is certainly an extraordinary phenomenon, and as likely to puzzle the acumen of the critic as the symptoms of the plague are calculated to perplex the skill of the physician. With Mr. Wordsworth it is evidently chronic, and assumes very different appearances at different periods. In his *Excursions* he seems occasionally to breathe a pure atmosphere, as he breathes the healthful country air; with Peter Bell we find only the atrophious invalid transported per Waggoner to the nearest hospital; on the Duddon, braced again by mountain breeze and laving stream, he revives in genuine song; and now, cloistered up with dull monotonous association, he sinks once more into weakness and doating. Indeed these *Ecclesiastical Sketches* are less to our taste than even the Peter Bell class of the author's performances, inasmuch as a solemn ass is less amusing than a whimsical fool. It is astonishing to see a man of genius so far delude himself as to fancy he can render any thing popular, no matter how untractable the subject, how prosaic the verse, and how absurd the plan. Nothing short of such delusion could have led Mr. Wordsworth to choose a theme unsusceptible of poetry; and give us the baldest historical sketches in all the form and pretension of the most imaginative composition. It seems as if he were determined to contest the cap and bells with his friend Southey's Vision of Judgment, or with Byron's dramas: determined, like them, to shun what he can do admirably, and turn either to that for which he has no talent, or to that which no talent can render acceptable. Such is our opinion of the present work. The design is radically unpropitious, and where we discover poetical beauties (of which no effusion of Mr. Wordsworth can be destitute,) they appear like flowers in a desert, and we wonder more how the soil could produce and the climate nourish them, than feel relieved from the uniformity of the dreary waste.

There are no fewer than a hundred and two Sketches in this volume, and an advertisement adduces the following odd reasons for their publication:

During the month of December, 1820, I accompanied a much-loved and honoured Friend in a walk through different parts of his Estate, with a view to fix upon the Site of a New Church which he intended to erect. It was one of the most beautiful mornings of a mild season,—our feelings were in harmony

with the cherishing influences of the scene; and, such being our purpose, we were naturally led to look back upon past events with wonder and gratitude, and on the future with hope. Not long afterwards, some of the Sonnets which will be found towards the close of this Series, were produced as a private memorial of that morning's occupation.

The Catholic Question, which was agitated in Parliament about that time, kept my thoughts in the same course; and it struck me, that certain points in the Ecclesiastical History of our Country, might advantageously be presented to view in Verse. Accordingly I took up the subject, and what I now offer to the Reader, was the result.

Why choosing the site of a new church on a fine morning, should naturally lead an author to write a hundred sonnets on events, &c. of church history, from the days of the Druids to the date of 1822, is a consequence which we do not very clearly apprehend; but to be sure the parliamentary debates on the Catholic question came in aid, and we must grant, we suppose, that they were of a nature to kindle poetical fire!—it is a pity that the sequel should so closely resemble the inspiration. Witness the very first poem:—

I, who descended with glad step to chase
Cerulean Duddon from his cloud-fed spring,
And of my wild Companion dared to sing,
In verse that moved with strictly-measured pace;
I, who essayed the nobler Stream to trace
Of Liberty, and smote the plaintive string
Till the checked Torrent, fiercely combating,
In victory found her natural resting-place;
Now seek upon the heights of Time the source
Of a holy River, on whose banks are found
Sweet pastoral flowers, and laurels that have crowned
Full oft the unworthy brow of lawless force;
Where, for delight of him who tracks its course,
Immortal amaranth and palms abound.

No doubt a good deal of queer phraseology, and not a little of unintelligible jargon sometimes occur in senatorial speeches; but we do not remember any particular instance of oratory excelling in these respects this sample of Mr. Wordsworth's imitative poetry. The *daring* to sing in verse that moved with strictly measured pace, is quite marvellous; and the four following lines, about the stream of Liberty being a checked torrent, carry the enigmatical to the pitch of mysteriousness: but let us to Sketch iv. of Part 1. entitled "*Druidical Excommunication, &c.*"

Mercy and Love have met thee on thy road,
Thou wretched Outcast, from the gift of fire
And food cut off by sacerdotal ire,
From every sympathy that Man bestowed!
Yet shall it claim our reverence, that to God,
Ancient of days! that to the eternal Sire
These jealous Ministers of law aspire,

As to the one sole fount whence Wisdom flowed,
Justice, and Order. Tremblingly escaped,
As if with prescience of the coming storm,
That intimation when the stars were shaped;
And yon thick woods maintain the primal truth,
Debased by many a superstitious form,
That fills the Soul with unavailing ruth.

We confess that this sonnet, and especially its concluding paragraph, are utterly beyond our comprehension. The next piece speaks of the *ghost* of departed ages; as if one ghost were enough for seven centuries! The conclusion of the xvth is equally burlesque and mean:

the tempestuous sea
Of Ignorance, that ran so rough and high,
And heeded not the voice of clashing swords,
These good men humble by a few bare words,
And calm with fear of God's divinity.

To humble by bare words a tempestuous sea that did not heed the voice of clashing swords, is a ludicrous compound of words and images: not more ludicrous, however, than the whole of the next sonnet, entitled "Paulinus."

But, to remote Northumbria's royal Hall
Where thoughtful Edwin, tutored in the School
Of Sorrow, still maintains a Heathen rule,
Who comes with functions Apostolical?
Mark him, of shoulders curved, and stature tall,
Black hair, and vivid eye, and meagre cheek,
His prominent feature like an eagle's beak;
A Man whose aspect doth at once appeal,
And strike with reverence. The Monarch leans
Towards the Truths this Delegate propounds,—
Repeatedly his own deep mind he sounds
With careful hesitation,—then convenes
A synod of his Counsellors,—give ear,
And what a pensive Sage doth utter, hear!

The bold idea of a man sounding his own deep mind as if with a plummet, is worthy

* There are not a few similar darlings in other parts, *ex. gr.*

Babylon,
Learned and wise, hath perished utterly,
Nor leaves her speech wherewith to clothe a sigh
That would lament her;—Memphis, Tyre, are gone
With all their Arts—while classic Lore glides on
By these Religious saved for all posterity.

To clothe a sigh with a speech is a startling figure: and, not to criticise the improper "*while*" in the penultimate line, we may express our belief that "these Religious" destroyed much more classic lore than they preserved.

Again we are told of King Alfred, that
Indigent Renown
Might range the starry ether for a crown
Equal to his deserts,

What crowns are to be looked for in starry ether? But the perfection of the absurd is in the sequent poem addressed to "His (i. e. Alfred's) Descendants."

Can aught survive to linger in the veins
Of kindred bodies—an essential power
That may not vanish in one fatal hour,
And wholly cast away terrestrial chains?

of the bard who has translated from Bède so grotesque a description of the apostle with his prominent feature like an eagle's beak (*naso adunco!*) Though rather far fetched, the following picture of a Chieftain embracing monkish seclusion, is of a very different character:

- - - - - Not to dwell
In soft repose he comes. Within his cell,
Round the decaying trunk of human pride,
At morn, and eve, and midnight's silent hour,
Do penitential cogitations cling:
Like ivy, round some ancient elm, they twine
In grisly folds and strictures serpentine;
Yet, while they strangle without mercy, bring
For recompence their own perennial bower.

The poet's declaration of his own more favoured course is also very pretty:

Methinks that to some vacant Hermitage
My feet would rather turn—to some dry nook
Scoop'd out of living rock, and near a brook
Hurld'd down a mountain-cave from stage to stage,
Yet tempering, for my sight, its bustling rage
In the soft heaven of a translucent pool;
Thence creeping under forest arches cool,
Fit haunt of shapes whose glorious equipage [bow],
Perchance would through my dreams. A beechen
A maple dish, my furniture should be;
Crisp, yellow leaves my bed; the hooting Owl
My night-watch: nor should e'er the crested Fowl
From thorp or vill his matins sound for me,
Tired of the world and all its industry.

The melting away of superstitions before the light of truth partakes of the same grace:

Thus, often, when thick gloom the east o'er-shrouds,
The full-orbed Moon, slow-climbing, doth appear
Silently to consume the heavy clouds;
How no one can resolve; but every eye
Around her sees, while air is hushed, a clear
And widening circuit of ethereal sky.

Thus alternating between poetry and doggerel (though the versification is in general smooth,) between the sweet and the ridiculous, between what we must admire and what we must condemn, Mr. W. proceeds to the end of his race. Perhaps we shall act the part of reviewers most fairly by opposing him to himself, and selecting specimens of his discordant qualities.

"*The Norman Conquest*" is thus recorded in lines which seem to us to be sad stuff:

The woman-hearted Confessor prepares
The evanescence of the Saxon line.
Hark! 'tis the Curfew's knell! the stars may shine;
But of the lights that cherish household cares
And festive gladness, burns not one that dares
To twinkle after that dull stroke of thine,
Emblem and instrument, from Thames to Tyne,
Of force that daunts, and cunning that ensnares!

Preparing the evanescence of a line (except of such lines as Mr. W. sometimes

The race of Alfred covets glorious pains
When dangers threaten—dangers ever new!
Black tempests burning—blackest still in view!
But manly sovereignty its hold retains;
The root sincere—the branches bold to thrive
With the fierce storm; meanwhile, within the
spread

Of their protection, gentle virtues thrive; - -
What is the meaning of this rhapsody?—We do
not understand it.

pleases to indite) is sheer nonsense; but it is only nonsense in common with the rest of a quotation, which graciously permits the stars to shine, though a bell, emblem of force and instrument of cunning, is so dreadful, that burns not one of the lights that cherish household cares which dares to twinkle. To this we oppose a fine drawing of the "*Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge*."

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expence,
With ill-matched aims the Architect who planned,
Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only, this immense
And glorious Work of fine Intelligence!
Give all thou canst; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more;
So deemed the Man who fashioned for the sense
These lofty pillars—spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells
Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die,
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

The "*Crusades*," on the other hand, is mere doggerel:

The scimitar, that yields not to the charms
Of ease, the narrow Bosphorus will disdain;
Nor long (that crossed) would Grecian hills detain
Their tents, and check the current of their arms.
Then blame not those who, by the mightiest lever
Known to the moral world, Imagination,
Upheave (so seems it) from her natural station
All Christendom!—they sweep along—(was never
So huge a host!)—to tear from the Unbeliever
The precious Tomb, their haven of salvation.

With this we would contrast "*Ejaculation*," the termination of which is delightful—being in this respect very unlike the majority of the sonnets, whose conclusions are lame and impotent:

Glory to God! and to the Power who came
In filial duty, clothed with love divine;
That made his human tabernacle shine
Like Ocean burning with purple flame;
Or like the Alpine Mount, that takes its name
From roseate hues, far kenn'd at morn and even,
In hours of peace, or when the storm is driven
Along the necher region's rugged frame! [light,
Earth prompts—Heaven urges; let us seek the
Studious of that pure intercourse begun
When first our infant brows their lustre won;
So, like the mountain, may we grow more bright
From unimpeded commerce with the Sun,
At the approach of all involving night.

These copious extracts are sufficient to instruct our readers in the nature of the Ecclesiastical Sketches, and to illustrate the opinions we have ventured to offer. The blemishes are manifold. In one place "sacred towers rise for universal gains;" in another we are asked "if penance be redeemable," (that is, have the power of redemption;) in a sublime passage "all things (are said to) pass away like steam;" Romans cannot "undo a farewell;" the gunpowder treason is a "merciless act of sorrow infinite;" and, to finish these censures, the following is the exaggerated picture of a river—

- - - - - Smooth and green,
And seeming, at a little distance, slow,
The waters of the Rhine; but on they go
Fretting and whitening, keener and more keen,

Till madness seizes on the whole wide Flood,
Turned to a fearful Thing whose nostrils breathe
Blasts of tempestuous smoke—wherever he tries
To hide himself but only magnifies;
And doth in more conspicuous torment writhe,
Deafening the region in his ireful mood.

We cannot close better than with a new version of the history of the glorious revolution: our author shapes its lines into a sonnet; but we rather prefer seeing it, uninverted, in its native prose:

William the Third.—Calm as an under current—
strong to draw millions of waves into itself, and
run, from sea to sea, impervious to the sun and
ploughing storm—the spirit of Nassau (by constant
impulse of religious awe awayed, and thereby
enabled to contend with the wide world's commo-
tions) from its end swerves not—diverted by a
casual law. Had mortal action e'er a nobler
scope? The Hero comes to liberate, not defy;
and while he marches on with righteous hope,
Conqueror beloved! expected anxiously! the vacil-
lating Bondman of the Pope shrinks from the
verdict of his steadfast eye.

The sum of the impression made upon us by this volume is, that we have to wade through too much of the tiresome for the value of the pleasing; the chaff is out of all proportion to the grains.

Memorials of a Tour on the Continent, 1830.

By Wm. Wordsworth. 8vo. pp. 103.

Or this twin work we shall only say at present, that it possesses greater variety than its companion. Not to overload our pages too much with one author, we defer further observation.

France for the last Seven Years, or the Bourbons. By W. H. Ireland, Member of the Athenæum of Sciences and Arts at Paris. London, 1823. 8vo. pp. 439. Whittakers.

MR. IRELAND, agreeably to his epigraph, as it has been translated from licentiousness to despotism, "la Cocarde Tricolore fera le tour du Monde," seems to be a person so deeply imbued with revolutionary principles, and so completely warped by his political prejudices, that we are free to pronounce no reliance can be placed upon his narrative. It seems to us, that if by any accident he has been able to meet with a story, however improbable, lauding the late Emperor or vituperating the Bourbons, he has carefully treasured up the worthless trash, that he might in the present publication give vent at one gush to a compendium of incredible and exploded foolery. We are afraid he has been but too often the victim of his gullibility to those persons who, having found out his weak side, have passed upon him inventions of their own, while they privately laughed at his avidity in the credence of such romances. What but such propensities could induce a man of common sense to insert the following, which we select at random from the heap of similar relations with which this volume abounds. The story is prefaced, by the bye, in Italics, that it had been told the author "*as a positive matter of fact*!"

In the Rue Montorgueil lives a celebrated manufacturer of *pièces*, named *Louge*, who has

literally carried this branch of the *gastronomic* art to such a pitch, that he will undertake to prepare a *pâtée*, which, after undergoing a voyage to the East Indies, shall, when opened, eat equally fresh with one made but the day before. As the King's kitchen did not contain a pie-maker of such consummate talents, *Lesage* was, of course, very frequently applied to, and furnished *pâtées* for the royal board, and in particular those which contained poultry stuffed with truffles, the very first desideratum at the tables of the Parisian gourmands. My anecdote then goes on to state, that Louis XVIII., having been fifteen days at Ghent, during which period he was wholly deprived of a taste of *Lesage's* pastry, could no longer endure the privation, wherefore, summoning one of his trusty attendants, he signified his desire that he should forthwith repair to Paris, in order to purchase one of the desired *pâtées*, the gold being at the same time counted out, while with it was delivered a *tri-coloured cockade*, which the emissary was ordered to put in his hat on passing the French frontiers, and at every cabaret to drink Napoleon's health, passing himself off for an *enragé Bonapartiste*, in order the more easily to compass the possession and safe transport of the wished-for *pâtée* of *Monsieur Lesage*.

The author, from his language, we presume to be an Englishman; his sentiments, however, leave us greatly in doubt upon the subject; and were it not that we know but too well such spirits are always abroad, it could not but excite our wonder, with our indignation, to read the anti-British ideas contained in this work. His statement of the forces, loss, &c. at the Battle of Waterloo, and the few trifling remarks which he ventures on a combat, the importance of which, as well in a national point of view as in its results, is perhaps unequalled in the annals of the world, afford a fair idea of his general accuracy. After saying that at Quatre Bras the loss of the English and Dutch was estimated at 9000 men, and that of the French at 3400, he goes on:

The next news that gained the capital was the attack of Hougoumont, and the arrival of General Bulow on the field of battle with a reinforcement of thirty thousand men, which increased the army of the Duke of Wellington to one hundred and twenty thousand, while the French force amounted only to sixty-nine thousand men. The attack of La Haye Sainte followed, in which dreadful struggle it was again made known that the Emperor's arms had been successful, for that, notwithstanding the superior forces he had encountered, Bulow had been repulsed with an immense loss.

Such details, arriving in quick succession, left the Parisians every thing to hope for, and the account of Napoleon's triumphal entrance into Brussels was in consequence hourly expected. These fair prospects were, however, speedily clouded, when the news was spread of Marshal Blücher having effected a junction with Bulow and the English, owing to a misunderstanding and delay in the movements of Marshal Grouchy, thus making the Allied army amount to one hundred and fifty thousand men; which dispatch was forthwith followed by the defeat at Waterloo, and the retreat of Napoleon at half past nine on the night of the eighteenth. The loss of the Allies during these several

combats, from their own statements, amounted to sixty-three thousand, while that of the French, including prisoners taken during the retreat, did not exceed forty-one thousand men.

Coriolanus would have called this fellow "measureless liar;" but that would have been a Roman bull, for he has measured his falsehood.

It should seem from this relation, independent of its gross exaggeration, that there were three battles on the 18th of June: one at Hougoumont, one at La Haye Sainte, and a final defeat of the French at Waterloo, where it is very well known the enemy never was in any force at all, and it is the date of the Duke of Wellington's despatch which has principally contributed to give the English name to the memorable conflict. The French speak of it as the battle of Mont St. Jean, which was, in fact, nearest the centre of the fight.

The rest of his book is in the same style: the defection of General Bourmont and of two other officers who had sufficient loyalty to join their lawful monarch, is characterised as exciting *universal horror*! and he says their names "will be held in execration while the French people rank as a nation upon the map of Europe." Of course the treacherous and dastardly desertion of their sovereign by a crowd of officers, among whom was the perjured Ney, meets with nothing but approbation from Mr. Ireland; and as another instance of his extreme proneness to belief, he tells us that when Napoleon had returned to Paris, and had again intruded himself into the Tuileries, it was not till after repeated representations made to this Ney (who had already proved himself a traitor, and had rebelled beyond all hope or desert of pardon) as to the necessity of his presence in the army, to ensure the safety and prosperity of the country, that the Marshal *reluctantly* acceded, and became, as formerly, one of the leading men under the Imperial dynasty.

Were it worth while to enter into the minutiae of this publication, we apprehend it would not be very difficult to point out its follies as well as its vicious tendency; we have neither space nor inclination for this, but we will, however, give an example or two to show the general character of the work.

In p. 313, the author broadly states himself to be a liar. After relating a circumstance, of which he professes himself to have been an eye-witness, where a man is said to have been cut down by the Garde Royale, he says he was cautioned by persons, upon whose advice he could place every dependence, not to interfere upon any account, but if questioned, persist in denying all cognizance of the affair. Government having directed an enquiry into the business, the consequence was, that upon being interrogated, he alleged that his arrival at the window did not take place until the act had transpired, thus precluding the necessity of his evidence, which, as he says, would have tended to no good, and might have brought down vengeance upon his head from one quarter, and the watchful eye of govern-

ment in another. He has the folly to add to this story, that the Garde escaped without any punishment whatever. He must be blind not to have discovered, if the story have any foundation at all, that his own falsehood was one of the principal causes of this impunity.

In another place (p. 437) the present Duke of Orleans falls under the lash of the author, apparently for no other reason but that he has declined to rebel against Louis the 18th: his expressions are,

The present Duke, upon the entrance of the Bourbons, might have commanded a party, had he pursued a different line of conduct; but having meanly forgotten his brother officers of the Revolutionary period, and displayed upon all occasions an apathy verging upon total incapacity, he chilled every zealous effort in his favour, which was completely extinguished by his meanness and avarice, of which vile propensities De Case took advantage, by exciting him to commence prosecutions against some acquirers of national domains, and in particular, of the French theatre; upon which occasion the universal cry was, that the son of Egalité, who had degraded his rank, was among the first to molest the acquirers of that wealth which his father had condemned as property belonging to the nation. By this step he is for ever lost in public estimation.

The loss of the estimation of such men as Mr. Ireland alludes to, cannot be very hurtful to the Duke of Orleans, whose conduct, during the late eventful struggles, has gained him the good opinion of the virtuous of all parties.

Here and there some French doggerel occurs, which the author endeavours to do into English; but where there is any point or spirit in the original, it evaporates, and is wholly lost in the translation. Witness the following Epigram, where, by rendering "Grand homme" into "Chief of fame," the whole wit is lost. It is clear that the member of the Athanæum of Sciences and Arts at Paris did not understand it, especially as he puts into italics words which do not at all form the gist of the story:—

Mal ajuster est un défaut,
Il l'a manqué, mais voici comme;
Croyant tirer sur un grand homme,
Il a visé beaucoup trop haut.

Thus translated:—

'Tis wrong to take a faulty aim,
He miss'd him:—would you, friend, know why?
He thought to strike a Chief of fame,
So level'd pistol—far too high.

We must now bring this article to a close. It has already occupied more space than it appears to deserve, and we will not stop to notice either the author's bad French or bad grammar. At the beginning of his work he puts forth a dedication to the Cortes of Spain, calling in plain terms for a Crusade against the Bourbons. At the end we find an advertisement, stating that he intends to publish the *Pucelle D'Orleans* in English verse; but the present work will save him that trouble, for no one will read a second work from a pen which has produced a first every way so despicable. To

us it is a mere matter of speculation whether a Frenchman is wise or foolish in siding with Bourbonist, Buonapartist, or Republican; but when a Briton takes such a party as this book develops, he is not only a disgrace to his own country, but to common sense and human nature.

WALPOLE'S MEMOIRS. SECOND VOLUME.

THIS volume, which begins with the year 1756, is of a different complexion from the first; being much more historical, and far less personal, anecdotal, and piquant. Of course, as the author neither possessed powers for, nor pretended to write history, it may be supposed that the interest of his work decreases as the work itself advances. This is the case; but still there is curious matter enough in these Memoirs to claim some of our columns, especially as five-guinea books cannot be readily consulted by the mass of readers. The Parliamentary Debates are produced in a very mutilated form; but there is much truth in the following judgment upon their expediency, however we may lament the waste of invaluable time.

On the next affair, though of very little importance, seven tedious days were wasted in the House of Commons, besides a debate in the Lords. Like other fuel for opposition, the subject, when it had once passed into a bill, was never remembered more. Every topic is treated in parliament as if the liberty and fate of the country depended upon it: and even this solemnity, often vented on trifles, has its use. The certainty of discussion keeps administration in awe, and preserves awake the attention of the representatives of the people. Ministers are, and should be, suspected as public enemies: the injustice arising to them, or the prejudice to the country by such jealousy, can hardly ever be adequate to the mischief they may do in a moment, if too much is left to their power, if too much trust is reposed in their integrity.

About the period at which the Memoirs have now arrived, the intimacy between Lord Bute and the Princess of Wales (the widow of Frederick our late virtuous King's father) became notorious, to detection if the facts be true; but, at any rate, to the imputations of slander. Walpole adds his testimony to the Scandalous Chronicle: he says—

June 4th.—The Prince of Wales attained the age prescribed for his majority; by which the Regency Bill remains only a dangerous precedent of power to posterity—no longer so to us, for whose subjection it was artfully, though, by the grace of God, vainly calculated! This epoch, however, brought to light the secrets of a court, where hitherto everything had been transacted with mysterious decency. The princess had conducted herself with great respect to the King, with appearance of impartiality to ministers and factions. If she was not cordial to the Duke, or was averse to his friends, it had been imputed less to any hatred adopted from her husband's prejudices, than to jealousy of the government of her son: if the world should chuse to ascribe her attention for him to maternal affection, they were at liberty; she courted and watched him neither more nor

less for their conjectures. It now at last appeared that paternal tenderness or ambition were not the sole passions that engrossed their thoughts. It had already been whispered that the assiduity of Lord Bute at Leicester-house, and his still more frequent attendance in the gardens at Kew and Carleton-house, were less addressed to the Prince of Wales than to his mother. The eagerness of the pages of the back-stairs to let her know when ever Lord Bute arrived [and some other symptoms] contributed to dispell the ideas that had been conceived of the rigour of her widowhood. On the other hand, the favoured personage, naturally ostentatious of his person, and of haughty carriage, seemed by no means desirous of concealing his conquest. His bows grew more theatric, his graces contracted some meaning, and the beauty of his leg was constantly displayed in the eyes of the poor captivated princess. Indeed, the nice observers of the court-thermometer, who often foresee a change of weather before it actually happens, had long thought that her royal highness was likely to choose younger ministers than that formal piece of empty mystery, Cresset; or the matron-like decorum of Sir George Lee. . . . Her simple husband, when he took up the character of the regent's gallantry, had forced an air of intrigue even upon his wife. When he affected to retire into gloomy *allees* with Lady Middlesex, he used to bid the princess walk with Lord Bute. As soon as the prince was dead, they walked more and more, in honour of his memory.

What the *asterisks* are meant to insinuate we cannot tell. What Lord Holland's delicacy has spared, our curiosity would not unravel: but surely a more venomous legacy could not be bequeathed to the memory of any individuals than that which the *words* of the author conveys. Two years later (1758) the same injurious aspersion is repeated, in a tone of more grinning devilishness, and it is said—

. . . . The complexion of the rest of the year was military. Even the softest penetralia of the court were threatened with storms. The Princess began to perceive an alteration in the ardour of Lord Bute, which grew less assiduous about her and increased towards her son. The earl had attained such an ascendancy over the Prince, that he became more remiss to the mother: and no doubt it was an easier function to lead the understanding of a youth, than to keep up to the spirit required by an experienced woman. The Prince even dropped hints against women interfering in politics. These clouds, however, did not burst; and the creatures of the Princess vindicated her from any breach with Lord Bute with as much earnestness as if their union had been to her honour.

But to observe chronological order, we must return to 1756, in which year began that tragedy which is an indelible stain upon its actors—we mean the murder of Admiral Byng, of which Walpole gives most interesting details. For ourselves, we call it a murder, not simply because it does appear that no crime meriting death was committed, but because it is evident that the life of the unfortunate officer was never considered in any other light than as affecting place and party purposes. The ques-

tion was not of guilt or innocence in the individual, but of faction and ambitious views in his ultimate judges. If he is shot, shall we be absolved? if he is not executed as a 'scape-goat, shall we be able to remain in power? seem to be the only questions which these wretches asked of their bosoms. Thank God! such a thing could not happen in Britain now: we have our national follies, and our national vices too, but nothing so atrocious as the catastrophe of Admiral Byng could be, were it (which is incredible) wished to be, acted. Walpole says,—

From Portsmouth, Byng, strictly guarded, at once to secure him from the mob and inflame their resentment, was transferred to Greenwich. His behaviour continued so cheerfully firm and unconcerned, that those who thought most moderately of his conduct, thought full as moderately of his understanding. Yet, if he could be allowed a judge, Lord Anson had, in the year 1755, given the strongest testimonial in Byng's favour, recommending him particularly for an essential service, as one whose head and heart would always answer. As a forerunner to the doom of the admiral, so much demanded from, and so much intended by the ministry, General Fowke was brought to his trial for disobedience of orders in refusing the regiment for Minorca. He pleaded the latitude and discretion allowed to him by his orders, and the imminent danger of his important government. Though the danger of that was increased by the probability that France would either offer Minorca to purchase the alliance of Spain, or assistance to recover Gibraltar, yet Fowke found neither efficient to save him; no, nor the diversity of opinions in his judges: yet it was plain from their sentence, that they by no means thought he came under the rigour of the law, condemning him only to be suspended for a year for having mistaken his orders.

Addresses poured in against Byng, for the loss of Minorca, to which Fowke's conduct had so much conduced.

But the strongest (says our authority) and most dictatorial was that presented from the City of London: to which the trembling ministers persuaded the King to pledge his royal word that he would save no delinquent from justice. A promise that, being dictated by men secure of the parliament, plainly indicated on what class of criminals punishment was not designed to be inflicted. The Duke of Newcastle, indeed, could with more propriety than the rest engage the King in a promise, seemingly indefinite, he, who with a volubility of timorous folly, when a deputation of the city had made representations to him against the admiral, blurted out, "Oh! indeed he shall be tried immediately, he shall be hanged directly."

After this,

Mr. Byng, having notice to prepare for his trial, had demanded his witnesses; and now added a list of thirty more, but they were refused. Among those he summoned was Captain Young, who had been one of his loudest censurers. If the step was injudicious, at least it did not indicate any consciousness of guilt. Yet the people and the ministry continued to treat him as a criminal; and the former reporting that he had endeavoured to escape, the latter increased the

strictness of his confinement. He complained to the secretary of the Admiralty of the rigorous treatment he received from Admiral Townshend, the governor of Greenwich: a creature of office was not likely to feel more tenderness than his superiors; Cleland returned the most insulting answers. Mr. Byng at last thought it time to make representations as well as to adhere to his innocence. He published his case. Of the engagement I shall say not a word, till I come to give an account of his trial. Of the arts used to blacken him the pamphlet gave the strongest evidence—and had very great effect in opening the eyes of mankind. It appeared, that the admiral's own letter, which had served as the great engine of his condemnation, had been mangled and altered in a manner most unworthy of honest men, of gentlemen. Some parts were omitted, by which others were rendered nonsense: other periods, which gave the reasons of his behaviour, as obedient to his orders, were perverted to speak the very language of cowardice: for instance, *making the best of my way to Gibraltar* was substituted to the genuine passage, *making my way to cover Gibraltar*. And thus the ministry sunk their own positive (and, by their neglect of Minorca, grown necessary) orders, that he might appear to have retired to save himself, not Gibraltar. Other preceding dispatches the admiral published in the same pamphlet, in which he had represented the bad condition of the fleet committed to him; and with much reason concluded, those expostulations had been the first causes of his ruin; they who had been guilty of the neglect determining that the first discoverer should bear the punishment. Pity and indignation took place: Mr. Byng was every where mentioned with moderation, the ministers with abhorrence—but three months were to come before his trial: he was a prisoner, his adversaries powerful: his pamphlet was forgotten; new slanders replaced the old. I shall defer the prosecution of Mr. Byng's story till the following year, for though his trial began the end of December, no material progress could be made in it.

He does resume the story, relates the proceedings of the court, the defence and the sentence.

As the day approached (he continues) for the execution of the admiral, symptoms of an extraordinary nature discovered themselves. Lord Hardwicke had forgot to make the clergy declare murder innocent, as the lawyers had been induced to find law in what no man else could find sense. Lord Anson himself, in midnight fits of weakness and wine, held forth at Arthur's on his anxiety to have Mr. Byng spared; and even went so far as to break forth abruptly to Lord Halifax, the admiral's relation by marriage, "Good God! my lord, what shall we do to save poor Mr. Byng?" The earl replied, "My lord, if you really mean it, no man can do so much towards it as yourself." Keppel, a friend of Anson, and one of the judges, grew rest less with remorse. Lest these aches of conscience should be contagious, the King was supplied with antidotes. Papers were posted up with paltzy rhymes, saying,

"Hang Byng,
Or take care of your King."

Anonymous letters were sent to terrify him if he pardoned; and, what could not be charged too on mob-libellists, he was threatened,

ed, that unless Mr. Byng was shot, the city would refuse to raise the money for Hanover.

We have no hesitation in saying that we utterly discredit these libels on humanity; but as our ideas of Walpole's veracity will be adduced on other points, we shall hold them in abeyance now, to conclude his account of the fate of Byng, after the debate in the Lords on that question, when the Members of the Court Martial (somehow or other) retracted their position in his favour, and left the victim to his sad lot.

(To be continued.)

Elements of Algebra, by Leonard Euler, &c. To which is prefixed a Memoir of the Life and Character of Euler, by the late Francis Horner, Esq. M.P. Edited by the Rev. J. Hewlett. 8vo. pp. 593. Longman & Co. London, 1822.

If the editors of some of our principal literary Journals had good reason to congratulate the English public on the first appearance of this admirable work, in our native language, that congratulation might well be repeated on the publication of this third edition, in which the whole is now comprised in one volume, by means of a smaller type and a larger page, and offered to the mathematical student at less than two-thirds of the original price.

The circumstances under which these Elements were composed, must give them additional interest and value; they were dictated by the illustrious author, when he had lost his sight, to a lad who had served part of an apprenticeship to a tailor. On commencing his task, as amanuensis to his venerable master, he knew nothing of mathematics; but after finishing it, he became a profound algebraist. Every thing, indeed, particularly in that part which contains "The Analysis of Determinate Quantities," is rendered so familiar, the arrangement is so luminous, the inductions so regular, and the demonstrations so complete, that we may venture to affirm, no work is at all comparable to this, as calculated to make any student of common diligence and capacity a proficient in algebra, without the assistance of a master.

But the reader must not suppose that this production of Euler's is merely an elementary treatise, or that its contents are confined strictly to Algebra. It comprises the higher branches of the science, and was the first in which the Diophantine Problems were analysed and reduced to a system. The young mathematician will here, also, find the clearest introduction to Fractions, the doctrine of Ratios and Proportions, Logarithms, and Series.

No example of the clearness and simplicity of this great master's manner appears to us to be requisite, and we shall only say that the language of the volume is at the same time neat and scientific.

The Memoir of Euler's Life and Character is a valuable morsel of literature, and is well calculated to show the merits of its excellent author in a new light. We agree with Mr. Hewlett, that "it would do credit to any writer;" but considering it as the

production of a youth of eighteen, it is a very extraordinary performance, and will be read with great interest, not only by those who admired the amiable writer when living, and lamented his premature death, but by the general public.

This commendation must not be supposed to rest on the biographical anecdotes in the Memoir, which, in the life of a severe student, are generally scanty and of little interest; but it is founded on the admirable skill and sagacity with which the great mathematician's character and talents, his inventions and acquirements, as distinct from those of other writers, are pointed out, and justly appreciated.

Plurality of Worlds; or Letters, Notes, and Memoranda, Philosophical and Critical, occasioned by "A Series of Discourses on the Christian Revelation, viewed in connexion with the Modern Astronomy. By Thomas Chalmers, D.D." By Alexander Maxwell. London 1820. 8vo. pp. 266.

We are sorry that we neglected to notice the first impression of this interesting work, which was published anonymously, and very modestly introduced to the public. It was quickly sold off, and the author has favoured us with a second edition, considerably enlarged and improved. The sentiments inculcated by Mr. Maxwell are of very great importance, at the present moment, to the interests of religion and of our common Christianity, by shewing the vanity of hypothetical opinions in the mathematical and physical sciences, when opposed to the authority of divine revelation.* The astronomical speculations of Dr. Chalmers did not, originally, excite in us that admiration which was then so general and extravagant; and the perusal of this book has considerably lowered their value in our estimation. The notes and authorities display extensive reading, and comprise much valuable information upon a variety of subjects. We do not pledge ourselves to some of the peculiarities of the author, but we are ready to acknowledge that the work is written with ability, and the sentiments so ably supported, that Dr. Chalmers seems to sink before them. The letters, on the proper boundary of human knowledge, the origin of language, law, philosophy, and religion, must be highly interesting to such as know the advantages of revelation, as connected with all the elements of virtue and social order, and sufficient to level the petty scribes of infidelity, who of late have been so insulting and arrogant.

* It appears from Reports of Proceedings in Chancery, that the Court has refused to protect the copyright of Laurence the surgeon's Lectures: as in the case of Cain.

DUCAS: BY C. MILLS.*

Continuation—Life of Michel Angelo.

From the literature of Rome, the author goes to the Fine Arts of his era, and gives

* In our London, or unstamped edition of last Saturday, a line was omitted which appeared in the *Literary Gazette*, and may be considered

us excellent accounts of Raphael and M. Angiolo. Other eminent painters are also ably sketched, but we select, for the sake of exemplification, a part of the Michelangiolo.

On the professional merits of Bonarroti, I can offer no observations that are new or remarkable, for his genius is acknowledged and his characteristics are known. The world has many kings, but only one Michelangiolo, as Pietro Aretino, with more than his accustomed attention to truth, used to say. "Il mondo ha molti re, ed un solo Michelangiolo." The superiority of the artist does not appear in the works of the chisel, for fine as are the Moses at the sepulchre of Julius II., and the Christ in the church of Santa Maria Sopra Minerva, the antique statues still remain the wonder of the art. The mildness, tenderness, and repose in the Pietà, are what sculpture never excelled, and it is regarding this group more than his grander forms, that Michelangiolo can be mentioned with honor in company with the ancients. He has finished but few of the works in sculpture which he commenced, for in his own judgment he perpetually failed in expressing his ideas. The imperfect busts of Brutus, and of a female face, are shown at Florence as proofs of his genius and modesty. I have seen also at Rome many other incomplete statues by him, particularly a fine group of the descent from the Cross. Nor could he overcome the severity of his own criticisms when he attempted to restore the arm of the Laocoon. His friends talk with pride and wonder of the amiable humility of his mind. He has lately been shown a drawing made by him while a scholar of Ghirlandaio, and his comment upon it was, that he knew his art better when he was a youth than he did then. "I still go to school to improve myself," was his remark to the Cardinal Farnese, who expressed surprise at seeing him, when more than eighty years of age, view with a student's eye the walls of the Coliseum. The genius of Michelangiolo appears in much of the architecture of modern Rome. But it is in the paintings in the Sistine chapel that his powers are most strikingly displayed. It is there that he shines as a master in the epic of painting, and stands forth as the Homer of his art. He has filled his world with people of a race superior to ours; not with mere exaggerations of the human form, but beings whose grandeur is more expressive than all individual peculiarities of character. He has touched every part of nature. I have found my mind expand into sublimity on contemplating the personification of the Supreme Being, in the centre of the Sistine chapel, and I thought there was more than mortal elegance and grace in the person of Eve turning herself in grateful adoration to the Author of her being. In colouring, Michelangiolo knows, but has seldom practised, the theory of chiaroscuro. A simple force and relief produce his distinguishing breadth of manner. He is often capricious and eccentric in his design, and ostentatious of his anatomical knowledge in execution, particularly in the Last Judgment; and, as Dante

necessary to explain the nature of this work. After the words in our first column, "Theodore Ducass, a Caudina," read in parenthesis, "Such is the Author's assumed character."

frequently appears more a lecturer than a poet, so Bonarroti occasionally seems rather an anatomist than a painter. Perhaps the most indefensible point in Michelangiolo's style is his mixture of sacred and profane matters, the angels of the Apocalypse, with the ferryman of Acheron; Christ and Minos as judges. Satire too was not thought inconsistent with the terrors of the last day, and the artist has represented in the person of Minos the master of the ceremonies of the Papal court, who had censured the nudities of some of the figures.

The sublimity of idea which distinguishes Michelangiolo in his fresco paintings was nature's gift. He has cultivated it by a diligent study of the antique. Nor has he neglected any means of expanding and invigorating his fancy. Dante was his favourite author, and many of that poet's daring flights are painted on the walls of the Sistine chapel. Michelangiolo covered the margin of his folio copy of Dante with drawings of the principal subjects. But the book is unfortunately lost. He displayed his admiration of his illustrious countryman, by offering to erect a sarcophagus in the church of Santa Maria Nuova, in Florence, if the remains of that poet could be brought thither from Ferrara. The offer was declined by Pope Leo X. But our zeal for the arts will be too violent, if we conclude that this refusal was dictated by contempt of Michelangiolo's genius. The Florentines have always been proud of possessing the ashes of Dante; and, powerful as were the Popes, they were in some cases obliged to defer to national opinions.

Though Michelangiolo is in general simple and affectionate, yet he is proud and irritable when the dignity of his art is insulted. Of this disposition, I have heard two favourite anecdotes; yet I cannot say that the conclusion of the first story is correspondent to its commencement. In a moment of anger, at being refused admittance to Pope Julius II., on a subject of great importance to art, he left Rome for Florence, desiring his servants to sell his furniture to the Jews. To the Papal letters for his return, the offended artist replied, that, if he was unworthy yesterday of his Holiness' esteem, he was still unworthy. The Pope then demanded his person from the government of Florence, promised him pardon and favor in case of his return, and imputed his error to the usual caprice and irritability of literary men, with which dispositions Julius said he was well acquainted. Michelangiolo thought of quitting Italy altogether, and accepting some liberal offers from the Turkish Emperor, to build a bridge from Constantinople to Pera. The Gonfaloniere of Florence dreaded the dangers of a war with so high-spirited and martial a pontiff as Julius II., and at length persuaded Bonarroti to go in the sacred character of ambassador to the Pope, at Bologna. He went, and was introduced to his Holiness, who said to him, with more anger than kindness in his tone of voice, "You expected we should come to you, not you to us," alluding to the fact, that Bologna was nearer to Florence than to Rome. Michelangiolo was humble in language and in manner; and, inconsistent with the pride of character which he had hitherto sustained, he acknowledged his error in being too sensible of what he considered unmerited disgrace, and implored pardon. A courtier-bishop in

attendance, who for once mistook the feeling in his master's mind, officiously entreated pardon for the artist on the ground of his ignorance of the world. But the Pope was indignant at him for reviling a man of genius, and dismissed him from his presence. His Holiness then blessed Michelangiolo, and took him into favor.

Pope Julius III. was compelled by the rank and abilities of some enemies of the artist, to appoint a commission for the purpose of enquiring into the state of the church of St. Peter's. The subject of the chief complaint was the want of light, particularly in a recess designed for three chapels, and which was then illuminated only through three windows. The Pope stated the circumstance to Michelangiolo, and he replied, that he wished to hear the deputies. The Cardinal Marcellus said, pointing to himself and his companions, "We are the deputies." Michelangiolo then observed, "Over those three windows I shall make three more." "You never told us that," observed the Cardinal. The artist indignantly rejoined, "I am not, nor will I ever be, compelled to tell Your Eminence or any one else what I ought or what I intend to do. Your office is to furnish the necessary money for the building of the church, to drive away thieves, and to leave the care of the architecture to me." "Holy Father," said Michelangiolo, turning to the Pope, "where is my reward. If these vexations promote not my spiritual welfare, I lose my time and my labor." The Pope, who loved him, put his hands upon his shoulders, and replied, "Your reward is both now, and will be also in the world to come." - - - -

Michelangiolo has lived with patriarchal simplicity of manners: he is generous to his friends, kind in manner, except to the presumptuously ignorant, and of a beneficent and tender disposition. Being a skilful mechanic, he prepared his own scaffolding for his first great work in the Sistine chapel, and liberally gave the profits of the machinery to the poor carpenter who executed his orders. He made a donation of two thousand crowns to his servant Urbino, to prevent the necessity of his seeking a new service in case of his master's death. But the attendant died first. Michelangiolo, though more than eighty years of age, consoled his last moments, and nothing can be more amiable than the manner in which he describes his loss. In a letter to a friend he says, that, he who had in life made life valuable to him, had in death taught him to die, not only without regret, but with desire of death. "He was a most faithful servant to me for twenty-six years, and when I hoped to find him the staff and repose of my old age, he is taken from me, and there remains only the hope of seeing him in Paradise. That he is gone thither, God has shown to me by the tranquillity of his death. The thoughts of death did not distress him so much as the idea of leaving me in this treacherous world with so many troubles about me."

It was on a morning in the early part of February 1566, that I recorded this amiable trait in the private history of Michelangiolo, and I was musing on the age and worldly state of the artist, when the public news reached me that the subject of my reflections was ill of a fever. I immediately went to his house, and I saw there the painter Daniello da Volterra, who confirmed the ru-

mour, adding the circumstance, that, by the desire of his friend, whose illness was regarded as alarming by himself, he had written to his nephew Lionardo Bonarruoti to hasten from Florence to Rome. Every succeeding inquiry at the house heightened my fears that Michelangiolo's presages of death would be verified, and one day, before his nephew could possibly have completed his journey, I learnt that the disorder had so suddenly and violently increased, that the venerable artist, knowing the moment of his dissolution was at hand, had called his friends to his bed-side, and in three brief sentences had expressed his final will. He commended his soul into the hands of God, he consigned his body to the earth, and he gave his property to his relations, whom he exhorted in their passage through this life to remember the sufferings of Jesus Christ; and this religious injunction formed the last words that he was heard to utter. On the 17th of February, Michelangiolo expired: had he lived but a fortnight longer, his existence would have extended through eighty-nine years. The temperance of his habits, rather than any peculiar strength of constitution, preserved him through this long career. Though often rich, considering his profession, yet he always lived like a poor man, thinking, as he says in one of his poems, that as the life of man is short, so his necessities are few.

Che'l tempo è breve, e'l necessario poco.

On the third day after his death I went to the church of St. Apostoli, and witnessed his funeral. All Rome was crowded within the walls, and the grief that was marked in the countenances, or expressed in the manner of the spectators, testified the sentiment that the loss was irreparable. I need not describe the funeral solemnities, for they had nothing in them that was remarkable; but there was deep pathos in inclosing the body with a robe of green velvet, the distinction of Florentine citizenship. The whole public and domestic life of the artist came at once before my mind, when I beheld the characteristic vesture of his country serving for his grave-clothes.

Notwithstanding these ceremonies in St. Apostoli, a foreign land was not destined to retain his relics. Lionardo Bonarruoti opened the tomb about a fortnight afterwards, and secretly conveyed the remains to Florence, where he deposited them in the family sepulchre in the church of Santa Croce—thus fulfilling the desire often expressed by Michelangiolo, that his bones should repose near those of his father.

We shall continue our notices from this able volume as opportunity offers.

BURCHELL'S TRAVELS IN AFRICA.

Though there are still many parts of this work which merit extracting, yet as we have so lately gone over the ground with Mr. Campbell, however different in its nature his work is, and already addressed several papers to Mr. Burchell, we shall bring our review to a close as rapidly as we can. We have noticed that the author is violently enraged with Mr. Barrow and the Quarterly Review, and gives the British Museum a slap in passing. Writers are rarely satisfied with their critics, or supposed critics, and Mr. Barrow has some-

how or other incurred the high displeasure of Mr. Burchell in one of these characters. In revenge, he describes Barrow's Travels as being full of errors and misrepresentations. Near the Gariiep, he says,

Here on the plain, we saw a troop of twenty Quakkas grazing, and with them, on one side, a single Gnu, or Wildebeest (*Antelope Gnu*) which, on observing us, began prancing about, with his mane erect, and head held very low. Being blacker than most of the other antelopes and quadrupeds, it is easily known, even at a great distance; but on a nearer approach, its attitude and manners at once distinguish it. Although it associates in small herds, it is very frequently seen solitary; and on perceiving a traveller advancing, generally turns towards him, gazes for a minute, prances about, again stops to look, and if the person still continue to approach, bounds away with that fleetness which belongs to the antelope tribe. I never could discover any thing in this animal to authorise such wonderful and absurd accounts as have been given of it, and repeated from one book to another: it is an antelope, and that is all.*

Of another part of these travels, he says, As to the miserable thing called a map,† which has been prefixed to Mr. Barrow's quarto, I perfectly agree with Professor Lichtenstein, that it is so defective that it can seldom be found of any use.

There is also a tirade at the Quarterly Review, accusing it of all partiality and uncandidness. Against so popular a work

* From the pen of Mr. Barrow, a writer on the Cape, and who says he saw and actually "hemmed in a troop of about fifty"! the public has been presented with the following wonderful account of the *Gnu*. "Nature, though regular and systematic in all her works, often puzzles and perplexes human systems, of which this animal affords an instance. It partakes of the horse, the ox, the stag, and the antelope; the shoulders, body, thighs, and mane, are equine; the head completely bovine; the tail partly one and partly the other, exactly like that of the quacka; the legs, from the knee-joints downwards, and the feet, are slender and elegant like those of the stag, and it has the *subular sinus* that is common to most, though not all of the antelope tribe. Yet from this imperfect character, it has been arranged, on the authority of Sparrman, in the *Systema Nature*, among the antelopes, to which of the four it has certainly the least affinity."—Travels in Southern Africa, page 260.

Sparrman, however, was an anatomist and zoologist, and a man of real knowledge, and consequently of some modesty. The preceding description is, as the writer very sensibly remarks, quite sufficient to "puzzle and perplex" any human system; although I suspect that his *Gnu*, which must be a different animal from that which I have seen, would be conveniently arranged in the same class with the *Sphinx*, the *Griffin*, the *Chimera*, and the *Unicorn*, the last so carefully described by the same author.

Its geographical deficiencies are so numerous, that in order to give it some appearance of a map, by covering the blank paper with writing, the compiler of it has been reduced to the necessity of spreading it over with scraps of information taken from the text, and with lists of wild animals. If, in constructing this elegant map, the *Showmen* at Exeter Change had been consulted and advised with, they would certainly have recommended it to be written at the edge of it, as an invitation to the readers, "Walk in, ladies and gentlemen, and view the wild beasts; here you will see the Buffalo, the Hyena, and the wonderful Secretary-bird, with his pen stuck behind his ear."

we are slow to believe such charges, for it is so evidently its interest (putting aside all that regard to literary character which must actuate men like those connected with it)—it is so distinctly its interest, we repeat, to be fair and just in its reports, especially on travels and publications which involve no political feelings, that we must think its conductors not only dishonest but foolish, were they to adopt the opposite course. Indeed we are firmly persuaded that criticism (speaking generally) never stood so clear of the imputation of dishonourable motives as it does at this moment in Britain. The passions of men no doubt mingle in their judgments, but for any thing like bare corruption, we do not believe it exists in a single respectable periodical work. Disappointed writers or struggling understrappers may throw out such slanders, the one to gratify their vengeance, the other to attract attention; but those best acquainted with the conduct of those Reviews and Magazines which are held in high estimation, know well that they are free from all founded imputations of this nature. Writing to a Public not only discerning but jealous, even sordid principles, were they actuated by none better, point out honesty to be the only policy, and ensure the uprightness and fidelity of the periodical press.

But this digression has diverted us from Africa, to which we return without further deviation than that of expressing our great regret that the British Museum either cannot or does not pay more regard to the subjects of Natural History with which it is enriched. The want of funds, of buildings, and of scientific men in this branch, are, we fear, all alike to be deplored; to the loss and shame of an admirable British National Institution, upon the directors of which we are so far however from casting censure, that we believe them to be entitled to the gratitude of the country.*

Klaarwater has about 800 inhabitants, and Mr. Burchell draws but a faint picture of the success of the Missionaries there. On the contrary he says, he observed the Mission during four months, and with respect to its effects in forwarding its object, he could not say that they appeared to him very evident, certainly, he saw nothing that would sanction him in making such favourable reports as have been laid before the public. He adds,

The enthusiasm which, perhaps, is inseparable from missionary affairs, may create some optical delusion in the mind's eye, that may cause it to see those things which are not visible to a more temperate and unbiassed observer; but still, it is much to be lamented that the community at home are misled by accounts (I speak generally) catching at the most trifling occurrence for their support, and showing none but the favorable circumstances; and even those, unfairly exaggerated. Deception never yet supported any cause for long. Every sensible and reasonable person must be too well aware of the

* It is believed indeed that they are only too parsimonious, and that the economy of Mr. Bankes, called *par excellence* "*Savings Bank*," cripples an Institution which should have no limit but that of its utility.

difficulties attending the civilization of wild nations, to expect more than slow and gradual advancement, or to be disappointed or deterred by the untowardness of savages, or by their resistance to novel doctrines. Whatever aversion the African tribes, taken generally, may have to new opinions in religion and morality, they will not, I am sure, reject any proffered instruction in such arts as have for them an evident utility. Why not, therefore, begin with this? As the trial has, I believe, never been made, the objection that such a plan will not succeed, cannot yet be fairly urged against it; while those who have an opportunity of getting at the truth, know that the evangelizing scheme has too often ended in nothing. If there really do exist so much good-will, and such disinterested philanthropy, towards all the untutored savages of the globe; and this has, it cannot be denied, shown itself in a variety of shapes, combined always with religious enthusiasm; why, therefore, has it not shown itself in some endeavour directed exclusively to the object of instructing them in those arts and practices, from which we derive those superior comforts which, in a worldly point of view, distinguish us from them? Why have no missionaries been sent to them with this as their first great object? Because, perhaps, our philanthropy is not strong enough to stand purely by itself, without the enthusiasm of a religious devotee. But I hope not to be misunderstood; for though I well know that nothing can stand without the support of genuine religion, I mean, that as mere men, and having to deal with mere men, there is no absurdity in trying how far worldly means are likely to produce those good effects on our fellow-creatures, which we are so desirous of witnessing.

(To be continued.)

Le Renégat. Par le Vicomte d'Arincourt.
[Abridgment—Third Paper.]

The nuns made every preparation for their speedy departure. On litters borne by the villagers of the neighbouring country, the wounded knights were silently conveyed from the abbey. Favoured by night, the mournful retinue reached its destination without interruption. The Prince of Avenes, following the directions of Goudair, found his companions in arms assembled in the forest. The soldiers with transport rallied round their chief, and Leodat, taking a northerly direction, continued his course. The nuns of St. Amalberge soon reached the cavern to which Goudair had directed them. This gloomy retreat, the terror of the vulgar, was, according to tradition, inhabited by powers hostile to man. For many years no human foot had pressed the heath that grew before its entrance; and from the extraordinary events of which the cavern was said to have been the scene, it was named the *miraculous grotto*.

The sun had not yet risen, when suddenly, at the extremity of the cavern, a ray of light glimmered between the clefts of the rock. An enormous piece of stone, forming a kind of door supported by imperceptible hinges, slowly moved, and an old man, like a necromancer of tradition, holding a lighted lamp in his hand, advanced towards the Princess. The trembling sis-

ters uttered a shriek of terror; but Ezilda, approaching the apparition, recognized the prophet of the Black Mountain. "Time is precious, (exclaimed Goudair) fear nothing, and follow me." The old man was immediately obeyed. By a secret passage he conducted the Princess and the nuns of Amalberge to an adjoining cavern, and the turning stone was immediately closed behind them. "Remain here, (said Goudair, setting down his lamp on a heap of calcareous stones.) You are now in safety. No enemy can molest you. There are three roads before you: that on the right leads to the cataract, and cannot be passed without danger. That on the left leads to a castle occupied by the Saracens; and that in the middle, which penetrates to the centre of the earth, is perfectly inaccessible." With these words, he lighted a few of the lamps with which the nuns were provided, and withdrew from the miraculous grotto.

Composed and undismayed, the Princess conversed with her companions. She pointed out to them the wonders of their subterranean palace, and called their attention to the sublime horrors of the volcanic eruptions of past ages. As the breath of terror is contagious, and infects all within its reach, so courage is an electric flame which vivifies all that it approaches. Inspired by the Princess, the nuns speedily recovered their tranquillity, and the day was concluded in prayer.

Four and twenty hours had elapsed, and Goudair had not yet returned. Perhaps, thought Ezilda, the old man has been captured by the infidels. What then might be the fate of the unfortunate captives?—Deprived of nourishment, oppressed by the insalubrity of the air, their strength gradually failed, and they sunk into profound sleep. The Princess, wholly occupied with the fate of her companions, was incapable of enjoying repose. "The middle passage, (said she, turning to look at the three subterranean alleys,) that which Goudair supposes to be inaccessible, may perhaps be the path of safety. "Holy sisters, rest in peace—may Heaven inspire and guide me!" and taking one of the lamps which Goudair had left burning, she proceeded to explore the unknown tract. For a considerable distance the path continued to descend; but the Princess at length arrived at a kind of staircase, which turning to the left, changed the direction of her course. At every step the road became more and more dangerous, and was intersected by detached masses of rock; on every side the horrors of death appeared multiplied in a thousand various forms. The Princess advanced with hasty steps. The rolling of the torrent, which in the miraculous grotto resounded like thunder, now produced only a gentle murmur. A few traces of vegetation, which were perceptible between the masses of stone, a few pale and languid plants seemed to indicate that the gloomy recess was occasionally visited by light and air. She advanced; a refreshing breeze, like the breath of life, penetrated the abode of death. The Princess at length approached the mouth of the cavern, and issuing from the abyss of ruin,

arrayed in white and veiled, she appeared like a spirit of the grave, like a fantastic creation of darkness and chaos.

While Ezilda rapturously inhaled the pure and refreshing atmosphere, she cast a glance of astonishment around her. She found herself transported into a delicious garden, in the centre of which appeared a grove of myrtle and orange trees. On every side statues of marble were interspersed among the foliage. A limpid fountain rose from a basin of the finest granite; and odoriferous flowers bloomed in vases of rare porphyry. The Princess, who fancied herself wandering on fairy land, perceived at the extremity of an alley of trees, a colonnade magnificently illuminated. It was a building of oriental architecture attached to a spacious edifice. Ezilda approached the pavilion, the interior of which was decorated with rich draperies and wreaths of flowers. Within the Moorish temple* a young female of exquisite beauty was seated on cushions of azure fringed with gold. Her countenance was melancholy and dejected, and her fine eyes were suffused with tears. The Odalisk was alone, and her fingers running over the strings of a lute, drew forth plaintive strains of melody.

Ezilda uttered an exclamation of surprise. Pale, attired in white, and no less mysterious than beautiful, she presented herself to the eyes of the Odalisk, who, dazzled by the charms of her unknown visitor, and half bewildered by sorrow, imagined that she beheld before her the beloved of the great prophet descended from the immortal palace of the houris.—Throwing herself on her knees before Ezilda, "White rose of Sidrah, (she exclaimed) sovereign virgin of the river of life! have my tears at length moved thy pity? Hast thou come to restore me to hope?"—"Alas! unhappy lady, (replied Ezilda) I am but a feeble mortal like yourself, and have no power to relieve your sorrow."—The Odalisk recovered her senses, and looking steadfastly at the Princess—"Unknown mortal, (she exclaimed) what brings you hither?—whom do you seek here?—do you know the lord of this palace?"—"I know him not, (replied Ezilda) . . . he is perhaps Agobar."—"Stop, (interrupted the Odalisk) pronounce not his name. Incomparable beauty, do you know him?—have you seen him?"—"The Mussulman chief (replied Ezilda), is a stranger to me. I have seen him only once."—"Once, (exclaimed the beautiful Arab) a moment is sufficient to render him beloved for ever. His first glance decided the fate of my existence. . . . But your countenance bespeaks benevolence and sensibility, (continued the Odalisk.) You inspire me with confidence. Sit down, and I will unfold to you the sorrows of the ill-fated Zarela." The Princess, deeply moved, complied with her request, and the Odalisk spoke as follows:—

"I am the daughter of the King of Hadramut, and I was born on the fertile shore of the gulf of Arabia. I advanced in life,

* At the period here alluded to, the Moors had at various times invaded Gallia Narbonensis, where they had erected splendid palaces.

surrounded by all the luxuries of the East—I enjoyed, in anticipation, the prospect of future happiness and glory; but, alas, how vain were my dreams of felicity! A sanguinary war broke out between my father and the King of the Troglodites. The cruel Meroë, followed by an army which he had raised on the banks of the Astapus, crossed the gulf which separated our states from his. He entered our territories in triumph, and my defenceless family, captured by the conqueror, were reduced to slavery.

"A pirate of Nubia had furnished vessels for conveying the troops of Meroë across the gulf; and I was included among the presents which the grateful conqueror tendered to him. For several weeks a violent fever deprived me of my reason. On recovering, I found that I had crossed the sea, and had been landed in Gaul, whither the savage Ethiopian had transported his slaves. I learned, that being destined for the seraglio of some Saracen Emir or grandee of Iberia, I was, as soon as my health should be sufficiently restored, to be presented to the celebrated hero, the redoubtable conqueror Agobar.

"I prayed for death, but my prayers were unavailing. By degrees my strength was restored, and I was accounted the most beautiful of all the captives of the Bazaar. Every day I heard my companions extol the achievements of the immortal Agobar; all hoped for the happiness of being chosen by the hero. At length the triumphant chief entered the province in which the pirate of Nubia had fixed his temporary abode; and at the invitation of the Ethiopian, he visited the Bazaar. The daughter of a line of kings was now a miserable slave. At this terrible thought, a torrent of tears suffused my cheeks; and when conducted to the presence of the hero, a cloud of darkness seemed to overwhelm me, and I was on the point of sinking to the earth. The cruel African, tearing aside the veil that concealed my features, appeared irritated by my grief; but the heart of Agobar was moved. His last words to the mercenary pirate still resound in my ears:—"Two thousand sequins!—they are your's." Then turning to me—"Fair slave, (he said) you are free."—"Free!" I repeated with amazement, and for the first time I ventured to raise my eyes to the Saracen chief. I trembled; his calm aspect deeply interested me. The beauty of his countenance equalled the dignity of his deportment. In a transport of gratitude, admiration, and I may add of love, I threw myself at the feet of my deliverer. I endeavoured to express my sentiments. But my soul was painted in my looks; and he could not mistake the transports of a rising passion. His countenance became clouded with anger, and in a harsh tone he exclaimed, "Young Arab, you have now no master; but if your heart be grateful, never again appear before me."

"I remained mute and petrified. Agobar withdrew. He had said I was free; but alas! my real captivity was now only beginning. I was the slave of tyrannical love; and from that fatal moment peace has been a stranger to my bosom. Far from availing

myself of my freedom to return to my native home, I followed the footsteps of the conqueror. On several occasions I ventured to appear in his presence, and I was continually repulsed with contempt or anger. At length, braving all his threats, I gained access to this castle, which is at present the residence of the conqueror. "Agobar (I exclaimed) in mercy unsheath your cimeter, and deprive me of life. Without Agobar, what is the world—what is even heaven to Zarela! Despire my charms, disdain my love; but at least, if you refuse to rid me of a wretched life, let me, as the slave of your slaves, accompany you in your career of glory, so that amidst the throng that surrounds you, I may sometimes raise my eyes to gaze on you." But how vain were my entreaties! Agobar called his guards; and addressing himself to Franguestin, the leader of his Janissaries—"This slave is yours, (he said;) to-morrow you may convey her to your harem. She is fair; receive her as the gift of your chief."

"Can there be a more wretched lot than that which I am doomed to suffer? (pursued the Odalisk.) Franguestin sets out this night on a warlike expedition; I am in his power, and to-morrow—But no, there shall be no to-morrow for Zarela—and this poison—"Hold! (exclaimed Ezilda, as the wretched captive was about to raise the poisoned draught to her lips)—you shall not die—you shall not be the slave of Franguestin. Where is Agobar?"—"This pavilion, (replied the astonished Zarela) adjoins the castle which he now inhabits. That door opens to the gallery leading to his apartments.—But, stranger, what is your purpose?"—"Fear not, (said Ezilda) Heaven will protect me; and on my return we will together fly this hated spot." In spite of the remonstrances of Zarela, who was unable to guess her extraordinary design, the Princess opened the door, and proceeded along a narrow passage feebly lighted, which led to the apartments of Agobar.

[We were mistaken last week in anticipating the end of this tale, which will yet diversify a few Numbers.]

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

ETYMOLOGICAL GLEANINGS.

(Extracts.)

BEAVER.} s. [Lat. *Fiber* and *Castor*, from BELVER.} the Gr. *Kasap*—Fr. "Bievre" and "Castor."] By a sort of metathesis, *fiber* and *beaver* or *beaver*, will appear to be the same word, or originating from the same theme—the letters B and F being often permuted in their passage from one tongue to another. Now it may be fairly asked, why these masters of the "most ancient free-masonry," whose curious works have deserved the admiration of so many centuries, and who were found upon the two (long divided) continents of the globe of earth, skilful "carpenter and builder" by trade on the streams of North America, as well as in the meridional provinces of France, why they should have been called *beavers* or *fibri*? Varro tells us that *fibra-um* was anciently used for *extremus-a-um*,

and consequently the substantive *fibra*, &c., for the remote banks of a river, a lake, or pond—*extremis amnium oris*. Beavers build their curious dwellings on those margins of water, and, most probably from that circumstance, arose the name of *fiber*, as if *riparius*. In this hypothesis I am supported by many ancient etymologists.

Tradition reports, that a great quantity of castors, or beavers, inhabited anciently the banks of that gentle stream near old Lutetia, Paris, and called Bievre, the water of which is supposed to possess a peculiar quality, extremely useful in the process of dying silk and wool, as they are employed in the famous manufactory of the Gobelins.

"On pretend que les eaux de cette riviere, ont une vertu particuliere pour faire l'etiquette de la teinture."—Dict: de Paris. ad Verbum. This may be mere fancy—but *Transeat major*. We cannot deny that the tapestry-works of this establishment have been constantly admired. I visited the place in 1814, and saw there a young man working a portrait of the Empress and Queen "Marie-Louise," the consort of Buonaparte; and that under the reign, eyes, and protection of, as it appeared, the just restored King of France. She looked rather handsome, but friend Ovid would have said—*Matricum superabat opus*.—Met. B. 11.

BEE. s. [Beo, Saxon, is offered, but cannot be admitted.] This is explaining *idem per idem*. The Lat. *apis*, or *apis*, is generally derived from *apous*, Gr. on account of the Bee being at first an "apode," a maggot, "without feet;" but this misfortune, if there is any in the regular works of nature, is common to all grubs and maggots, and therefore cannot be used as a peculiar and distinctive qualification for the Bee, which, of all animals in the whole creation, is mostly entitled to our thanks for the work of its feet and legs. Wax and honey will for ever endear this industrious little being to the gratitude of man. Howbeit, it appears to me, that the monosyllable *Bee* belongs to that *Εἰδωλον* of an ancient tongue,—ever floating before the eyes of my mind, on the Lethæan ocean of dark Antiquity—with a prefixed as an emphatical article, and pronounced instead of "abee," "abeille," French—"apee," *apis*, Latin.—The very pretty name *Melisso*, which the Greeks have made from *meli*, honey, bears, I am sorry to find, no sort of analogy to the original word;—Nor does the Hebrew *Deborah*, from *דבר*, *Davar*, or *davar*, to speak, unless it is in allusion to the constant humming of these insects, which is a sort of speaking, talking, or chattering among the flowers these diminutive marauders deprive of their *useless* sweets to convert them to our own use. Let us consider the 30—40 horse-power steam-engine put to action in any large factory—how wonderful, how astonishing!!! Rough materials are turned into the finest thread—gold and silver are struck into coins—water is raised from its natural level, &c. &c.; but here, on this very flower,—under your own eye, is a little animal fluttering about, going away, coming back again, buzzing, and busy, who without any other engine than her imperceptible

organs, will brew, clarify, or condense the saccharine part of the plant into honey, and the pollen, or generating dust, into wax, to feed you upon concentered sweets, and light you whilst you enjoy them. "Oh, Melissa! you were so precious in the estimation of your Maker, that he armed you with a sting, lest you should be wantonly tormented; as he did your friend the rose with many a thorn, that man should know that pleasure cannot be obtained without labour and trouble."—Z's, *Schola florum*.

BEEFEATER. s. [A yeoman of the guard.] Todd proposes an etymology which is not correct; for he supposes that, which the French now call "buffet," to have been anciently "beaufait." The plain fact is this—*beaufait* has nothing to do here; but "buffet," a side-board, a cup-board, a place to take refreshments in drinking wine and water, lemonade, orgeat, &c. was originally named *buvette*, from *boire*, buvous, buvez,—"to drink, &c. At such places, in public entertainments, guards were stationed to provide for every one, keep order, and prevent unnecessary waste. They were consequently called "buvettiers, gardes de la buvette," and, the *V* changing afterwards into its cognate *F*, arose *buffettiers* from "buffet." And again, by a second step in corrupting the original word, we have *Beefeater*, which has nothing to do with "beef-eating." The words "buvette" and "buvettiers" are still used in French, according to the sense above mentioned. At the "Guinguettes" in the neighbourhood of Paris, [places of resort, answering the purpose of our tea-gardens] they call "Buvette" what we style the "Bar" in this country. Now the French tongue being so much the rage, I do not see why we should not restore to the yeomen of the guard their original name of *Buvettiers*. Todd is correct as to the belt or bandoulière (see *BANDOLIERS*) to which hangs a clasp for the reception of keys. These keys were those of the *buvettes*, or *buffets*, where sweetmeat, fruit, with wine, cyder, and other liquors were kept.

BEEMOL. s. Dr. Johnson knew nothing about music; and we have it upon record, from his various biographers, that he had no ear for it;* although in some of his writings nothing can excel the harmonious combination of his periods, and the melody of his phrases. His definition of *B-mol*, as it should be written, or *Beemol*, in his folio edition, as well as in Todd's, is truly ridiculous. He confesses himself perfectly ignorant of the etymology, and says with diffidence, "unless it be a corruption of *by module*, from *by* and *modulus*—a note,—that is, a note out of the regular order." The pupil who has been for a week attended by a professional music-master, knows that any tone in the gamut, when prefixed by the sign *b* (*B*), is lowered half a tone, and called "flat"—*E flat*, *B flat*, &c. The word *flat* has been adopted here from the French, *mol*, or *mou*, Lat. *mollis*, soft. Now

as the note *B* is the first, in the progressive change of keys, which is affected by this alteration, the sign retains the name and figure of letter *B*. The French say, *Si-bémol*, *Mi-bémol*, &c. The *Dieze*, or *Sharp*, being the reverse of, and opposite to, the *B-mol*, or *flat*, raises the tone of a half of its distance, and the *B-quarre* (meaning *B-quarré*—square) restores the note or tone to its natural place in the diapason.—

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE subject of Dr. Roget's seventh lecture was the distribution of the nutriment, prepared by the organs of digestion, to the several parts of the system. In Man and the other Mammalia, this prepared nutriment is the emulsive milky fluid, called chyle, which differs in different animals, and varies even in the same animal, according as it is derived from different kinds of food. After stating some of these peculiarities, Dr. R. proceeded to describe the structure and course of the lacteal vessels, by which the chyle is absorbed and conveyed to the heart, or general reservoir of circulating fluids. The situation and action of the valves which are provided for regulating the course and facilitating the ascent of this fluid, were noticed; and a description given of the structure of the mesenteric glands, and their peculiar conformation in the whale; of the receptacle of chyle; the course of the thoracic duct, and its termination in the large veins leading immediately to the heart.

The chyle, when converted into blood, is required to be distributed to the several organs for their growth and nourishment, for the formation of various secretions, and for the maintenance of the proper animal temperature. For these purposes the heart and blood vessels are provided; but these organs have, besides, another and no less important office to perform, that of conveying the mass of blood, which has been vitiated in the course of circulation, to certain organs, where, by means of respiration, it may be subjected to the purifying and renovating influence of oxygen.

A comprehensive survey was then taken of the whole Animal kingdom, with reference to this interesting order of functions: and the successive increase of complication pointed out, which the organs exercising them receive, when, in ascending from the lower to the higher orders, we follow the scale of gradation marked out by nature. In all the inferior departments, nutrition is effected by *imbibition*; the nutritive particles being imbibed by the soft parenchyma of the body, through every part of which it readily penetrates, and with the substance of which it soon incorporates. In the simpler polypi, and other zoophytes, this imbibition appears to take place directly from the coats of the stomach: in other radiated and articulated animals, it takes place from the sides of other cavities, distinct from those which receive and digest the food. In many aggregated polypi, the

nutrient vessels of each individual animal, join with those of the surrounding polypi, and contribute also to their nourishment; thus constituting a kind of animal republic, in which there is a community of property with regard to the nutrient fluids.

On the much disputed question as to the existence of a circulation in insects, properly so called, Dr. Roget adopts the opinion of Cuvier, first advanced by Lyonnet, and since fully confirmed by the researches of Marcel des Serres. The dorsal vessel in these animals, which has been generally considered as the heart, appears by its structure to be incapable of performing any of the functions of circulation: and the total absence of any discernible vessels analogous to arteries or veins, renders it probable that nutrition is in them also performed by imbibition. The first trace of a real circulation is met with in the tribe of spiders, and the other families of insects which never have wings: in many of these a single elongated vessel, branching out into ramifications at each extremity, is sufficient to carry on the circulation. In the crustacea and vermes, a considerable dilatation is found in this vessel, which then becomes entitled to be considered as the heart. Sometimes several dilatations, or a series of hearts, are met with, exhibiting some analogy in shape and appearance, though there can be none in their functions, to the dorsal vessel of insects.

The heart increases in importance as an agent in carrying on the circulation, as we ascend to the higher and more perfect classes of animals, whose more active nature and more energetic functions call for a continual and rapid renewal of nutrient fluid in every part. For this purpose the blood requires to be impelled with considerable force; and the heart is a strong muscular organ, placed in a central situation in the body, and capable of propelling the blood with great velocity through the branches of the arterial system, from the minute extremities of which it is brought back by the veins, and reconveyed into a separate cavity of the heart, called the auricle, which, discharging it again into the ventricle, completes the circuit of its motion. Several peculiarities of structure relating to the course of the arteries, such as the protection given to them by the bones; the provisions for lessening the force with which the blood circulates in particular parts, as the brain, where its force would be prejudicial, and the singular mode of their distribution in the limbs of the sloth and other slow-moving animals, were detailed. Numerous drawings were exhibited, illustrative of the plans of circulation that characterize the several classes of animals, and of the relative disposition of the double system of organs adapted to carry on the pulmonary or branchial, and the general circulation in the body. This double system is complete in the mollusca and in fishes, but with this difference, that the heart in the former class is aortic, or connected with the arteries of the body at large, and in the latter is branchial, or connected with the arteries of the gills, which are the respiratory organs.

* He defined it, "An art that saves man the trouble of thinking."—Boswell's Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides with Dr. Johnson.

In reptiles, the pulmonary circulation is only a branch of the general circulation, and the blood is only partially subjected to the influence of the air. It is only in the mammalia and in birds that the two offices of the circulation are completely performed, and with this view, each branch is con-signed to a distinct heart, having each its respective auricle and ventricle. These two hearts, though distinct in their office, are, for the sake of greater strength, and to ensure the harmony of their action, conjoined in structure, so as to compose only one organ. The mechanism of the valves, which is so essential to the action of the heart, and the observation of which originally led Harvey to the discovery of the circulation, were described: and the lecture was concluded with some remarks on the prodigious force which the heart exerts at each pulsation, and which it continues with such unwearied constancy during the whole of life.

COTTON FACTORIES. (From a Correspondent.)

THOUGH the name of Sir Richard Arkwright is familiar to your readers as the inventor of great improvements in the art of spinning cotton, and they are probably aware that to his improvements the kingdom is chiefly indebted for the extensive manufactories of cotton which it now possesses; it will, I should think, be interesting to many, to have some data, which will enable them to judge of the importance of this branch of our national industry. I therefore annex a statement of the quantity of Cotton imported into this kingdom during the last half century, or rather the average of annual imports for every 10 years during that period, in round numbers:—

From	Inclusive.	Annual Average.
1771 to	1780 - - -	5,735,000 lbs.
1781 -	1790 - - -	13,200,000
1791 -	1800 - - -	32,000,000
1801 -	1810 - - -	70,000,000
1811 -	1820 - - -	105,000,000

The imports of the last five years, 1817 to 1821, both inclusive, exhibited a still more rapid increase, the annual average of those five years being 144,000,000 lbs. and the annual consumption 130,000,000 lbs. or 2½ millions weekly. Where this increase may stop it is difficult to say; but the above view presents a phenomenon not easily paralleled, and shews what influence the exertions of a single individual may have on the welfare of nations, for it is precisely within this period that the improvements of Sir R. Arkwright have been carried into effect.

THE DUGONG.—The newspapers have lately been full of accounts of the Dugong, as if it were a novelty just imported, though a year has elapsed since we mentioned it in the Literary Gazette. It may be well to recall to memory that the skin of this animal (properly the *Dugong*) was sent by Sir T. Raffles, and is now in the Museum of the College of Surgeons. It is the same creature that has been described under the name of a mermaid, or rather merman;

for it is a full-grown male. There is also in the same Museum the skeleton and the stuffed skin of a young female of the same species. In the skeleton, the bones of the hand forming the fingers are distinctly seen, though when covered with the skin they appear like a common fin. In the young female, when recent, there was the indication of protuberant breasts under the hand or fin; but little of that appearance can be observed in the dried skin. There is a very full description of this animal by Sir Everard Home, published in the last part of the Philosophical Transactions, with beautiful engravings from drawings by Mr. Clift. In the same paper, also by Sir Ev. Home, is an account and engraving of the two-horned Rhinoceros; and we are informed, that in the next part of the same work will appear an account of the Unicorn.

Rome, February 27, 1822.

M. BAFFI, the celebrated chemist, a native of Pergola in the States of the Church, is now here. He has received from the Viceroy of Egypt a present of 100,000 crowns, and the title of Bey, for having discovered a method of producing saltpetre, without the assistance of fire, by the mere heat of the sun. Previous to this, every hundred weight of saltpetre cost the Viceroy ten crowns, which is reduced to one crown by the new method. The manufactory erected by M. Baffi in the great square of Memphis, has furnished, within the last year, 3500 cwt. of saltpetre;—an Egyptian cwt. is equal to an English cwt. We learn from the same chemist, that the Viceroy has sent for 2000 Negroes from the interior of Africa, who are at present disciplined according to the European fashion.

GEOMETRICAL PROBLEM.—If the Propounder of the Geometrical Problem, which appeared in the Literary Gazette of last Saturday, considers, he will see that his problem is nothing more than the 23th Proposition of the 6th Book of Euclid:—"To construct a rectilineal figure, equal to one given figure, and similar to another."

He has only to construct a rectangle equal to *half* the given rectangle, and similar to the given rectangle itself, in one of the angles of the given rectangle, and this will solve the problem.

G. D.

FINE ARTS.

CASTS, ETC. FROM ROME.

WE last week noticed Mr. Martin's Destruction of Pompeii and Herculaneum, which, with other works by the Artist, was opened to private view yesterday, and to the public this day. The general sentiment, we are glad to find, confirms our opinion of its sublimity and poetic as well as classical excellence. In the adjoining room, another Exhibition of much attraction has also been formed: It consists of Casts and Pictures from Rome. The latter are chef d'œuvres of the great Masters, of infinite beauty and dignity in Art. The former are still more novel and interesting. A superb cast of the *Moses* of M. Angiolo;

another of his fine *Lorenzo de Medici*; *Johah*, the only piece of Sculpture wrought by Raphael; and the three delicious *Graces* of Canova, are among its ornaments. Any one of these would be a magnet for the admirers of art; but all together, and accompanied by so many superb paintings, they form a most delightful Gallery, numerous enough in works to gratify a taste for the utmost variety, and not more numerous than the eye and mind can enjoy without satiety or fatigue. The two Exhibitions are admirably contrasted; and we are happy in indicating them to our readers in the Metropolis. We shall describe them more fully anon, for those in the country and abroad.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SERENADE.

The lake is calm, the sky is clear,
The woods arrayed in living green;
The roses still are blooming near,
And only those that don't appear,
Fair Naiad of the scene!

Awake! my dear, while the Queen of Night
With her starry suite, so clear and bright
Illumines yon darkly, drear expanse;—
Ere the Sun of Suns' unlovely light
Dawns on each trafficking, soulless wight,
Belov'd! awake—awake from thy trance.

Arise!—arise from the arms of sleep;—
Assist me harvests of bliss to reap;
And bind with me full sickles of joy:
Our thoughts shall be, as the ocean, deep!
Our tear-drops fancy's flow'r-buds steep,
While schemes of delight our souls employ!

Arise, my dear!—oh! arise, arise!
Keep close! no longer those lust'rous eyes,
Created nor for sloth nor slumbers:
Behold! the Moon to her zenith hies;
The stars desert the dark'ning skies;
And hush! are the Nightingale's numbers!

Awake, my love, and away with me,
Over the moor, or beside the lee,
Or adown in the lone lovely vale:
Together, from haunts of man, let's flee,
Unto where Love's glowing melody
Rustles the breeze, and controuls the gale.

Awake thee, Maiden belov'd! awake!
Tread soft with me the sweet-briar brake;
With me recline in some jasmine alcove;
Whence as we gaze through yon furrowless lake
On yon heav'n of gems, our hearts' thirst we'll slake
With measureless draughts of guiltless love!

THE MAGNIFICENCE OF WINTER.

I love the Summer calm,—I love
Smooth seas below, blue skies above,
The placid lake, the untroubled stream,
The woods that rest beneath the beam;
I love the deep, deep pause that reigns
At highest noon o'er hills and plains;
And own that Summer's gentle rule
Is soothing, soft, and—beautiful.

Yet Winter, in its angriest form
Has charms,—there's grandeur in the storm;
When the winds battle with the floods
And bow the mightiest of the woods,
When the loud thunder, crash on crash,
Follows the lightning's herald flash,
And rocks and spires and towers are rent,
'Tis startling, but—magnificent.

P. Dock,

N. T. C.

TO A LADY,

Who chose for the motto of her seal, "Forget me not."

Forget thee?—never!

While all that's lovely—all that's kind,
Can live in the retentive mind,
There will recollection find
Thy form with every thought entwined

For ever!

Forget thee?—Never!

While summer's crimson-bosom'd rose
Reminds me, lady, but of those
Which on thy blushing cheeks repose;
Or while the winter's drifted snows
But make my memory's eye behold
A bosom whiter—not so cold—

For ever!

Forget thee?—Never!

While thus the changeful seasons give
Remembrances of charms that live

For ever,

In an aching heart that knows
Nothing of passion but its woes,—
Oh never!

The flower that rears its humble shrine
Upon rude winter's bed of snow,
Will tell me of that open brow

Which ever

I shall so doat to think upon;
Spring will present that smile of thine;
In summer's suns that eye will shine;
And autumn's falling leaf will show
My faded hopes and pleasures gone

For ever.

Believe me, lady, though we sever,
That this fond bosom will "Forget thee never."

C. C. Nov. 21.

EMPEROR.

SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

LETTERS FROM PARIS.

AMONG the recent novelties of the Paris Drama, endeavours have been making to introduce the Romantic taste, which begins to encroach on French literature, in spite of all the dissertations which have been written in favour of the Classic taste. A little piece brought out at the Porte St. Martin a few months since, entitled *L'Epicurien malgré lui*, is intended to ridicule the romantic style in the person of *Monsieur Pathos*, a disciple of Lord Byron and Walter Scott. But this feeble railery has no effect in deterring the Parisians from reading Scott's novels and Byron's poems: the new English school daily gains ground in France, and a new French translation of Shakspeare has lately been produced with some success. German literature is no less admired; and the best dramatic pieces of Goethe, &c. are introduced into France along with new English publications. This literary revolution is no less surprising than a political revolution; though discerning persons foretold it long since. —

Tales have, for some time past, been out of fashion in French literature. The period so fertile in historical events in France has not been favourable to works of fiction. Since the peace, however, this style of writing once more begins to gain ground; and many authors have tried their skill in compositions of this class with more or less

success. The blind M. Pougens, who resides at Vaubun, near Soissons, has just published some little volumes of tales, which display the cheerful imagination of a young man, rather than the mature reflection of an old one: but these tales, which are of a gay and sometimes epigrammatic character, after the manner of Voltaire, are all designed to support some moral and philosophic truth. For example, in the character of Nicolas Flamel, an old scholar, he endeavours to prove that a very long life is not always desirable. In another tale he explains the truth of the French adage, that fools say silly things, and wise men do them. For this purpose he has introduced the two sons of a rich merchant; the one, unpolished and ignorant, thinks of nothing in the world but trade, and never for an instant loses sight of his interest: and fool as he is, by this daily and hourly attention to business, he at length amasses a handsome fortune: his brother, on the contrary, who feels himself destined for a higher career, goes to Paris, mingles in the great world, becomes involved in adventures, is duped when he substitutes wit for plain speaking, fights a duel, and narrowly escapes being hanged. He is, however, rescued from his perilous situation by people who possess no recommendation but common sense. M. Pougens' tales are, for the most part, in this style, and very pleasing; but the author makes too free with the little satirical digressions, and sometimes his humour is not very natural. He has been for some time employed in composing a *Dictionnaire des Origines Françaises*, on the plan of *Ménage*. It is said to be a work which in former times would have done honour to a Benedictine of the congregation of St. Maur.

POPULATION OF THE RUSSIAN EMPIRE.

St. Petersburg, December 1821.

According to the statement just published by the Synod (which however includes only the Greek Church) the number of Births in the Russian Empire, in the year 1819, was as follows:—males, 796,426; females, 725,708; total, 1,522,134; being 90,686 more than in the year 1818.

Deaths—males, 467,668; females, 451,441; total, 919,109; being 44,102 more than in the year 1818.—The number of births exceeds that of deaths by 603,025. Among the deaths were 233,697 males under five years of age.

It is worthy of remark, that if we except the first ten years of infancy, the greatest mortality takes place at the age of 60 to 65 years, for in these years there died 17,745 males, i.e. the 27th part of the whole.

Among the deaths of the male sex (the age of the females is not stated) there were 18,741 above 80; 5,154 above 90; 1094 above 100; 324 above 105; 179 above 110; 90 above 115; 56 above 120; 23 above 125; 13 above 130, and 2 of the extraordinary age of between 140 and 150.

The number of births at Stockholm, last year, was 2356; deaths, 2628.

DRAMA.

KING'S THEATRE.—After the Opera on Tuesday night, there was produced, for the first time, the fairy ballet of *Cinderella*. The old nursery-tale is closely adhered to; but from the union of extremely fine dancing and superb decoration, this ballet is the most showy pageant which we have witnessed for a great length of time. *Cinderella* is represented by Mercandotti, who in her first humble employment, as in her subsequent princely state, drew down the loudest plaudits by the accuracy of her pantomimic expression, and the cadenced lightness and beauty of her dancing. Anatole (*Madame*), and De Varenne, as the haughty Sisters, were excellent; and Madlle. Roland, as the beneficent Fairy, gave extraordinary intelligence to her unworded character. No scene could be more elegant than that of the Sisters preparing for the ball, and sporting their fine forms in the pride of anticipated conquest. The rapidity with which the Fairy passed from the semblance of age and decrepitude, to the blaze and effulgence of magic beauty in person and attire—"throwing off the mortal coil," rivalled the celerity of a Harlequinade movement. The fleet summoning of *Cinderella's* cortege,—the multitude of infant pages and the pretty dames d'honneur that spring, like salamanders, from the fire-place, seems quite magical, and does infinite credit to M. Albert, to whom we are indebted for the composition of this captivating and splendid spectacle. The whole strength of the corps de ballet is employed to the best possible effect. A pas de deux, by Madlles. Perceval and Hulin, and a groupe dance of figurantes, were much applauded; and Albert and Madame Anatole quite outspan all their former spinning. The music, partly original by Sor, and partly selected, is generally sweet and graceful. We would suggest an additional projection to the living horses' fronts, if it is intended that they should give the idea of being armed à la licorne: the extreme shortness of their present weapons of offence recalls Macbeth's "Had I three ears I'd hear thee." Apropos of three. Three acts for a ballet is treading too closely on the dimensions of regular drama. And in the trying on of the glass slipper, we do not approve of the prettiest foot in the world being exhibited only at the extreme end of the stage, and to a limited circle.

DRURY LANE.—On Tuesday, Artaxerxes, with a novel cast of characters; a sort of burlesque performed by female singers and Mr. Cook. It was really ludicrous to see the poor man, as Artabanus, surrounded and bepestered, not merely by Mandane (*Forde*), and Semira (*Povey*), but by Artaxerxes (*Vestris*), and Arbaces (*Cubitt*). Too many cooks, they say, spoil the broth; and in this opera, assuredly too many women spoil the Cook, and dished the harmony. Miss Forde confirmed our opinion, by a very ineffective attempt upon the songs of her part; but we need enter upon no details where the whole was a musical abortion, except two or three of the songs.—Sir Pertinax is, we suppose, finished, as he

appeared but once this week, to a thin and discontented audience.

COVENT GARDEN.—There has been nothing new at this theatre—except the Managers.

ORATORIO.—The Oratorio of Bajazet has been fortunately produced, with a score by Lord Burghersh, blending much of the magnificent simplicity of English Sacred Music with the more thrilling softness of the Italian. It was deservedly received with great applause. Some of the chorusses are wonderfully fine.—Mr. Sapio gave an Italian air with great spirit;—with his powers and highly-cultivated taste, he cannot fail of continuing a public favourite.—Mrs. Salmon, accompanied by Sir George Smart upon the organ, and Mr. Bochsa on the harp, was delightful—and we can only say, we are sorry the season is over, in which the Oratorios have been conducted, particularly on the concluding nights, with so much taste and talent. The Echo Duet, by Mrs. Salmon and Miss Stephens, was as sweetly sung on Friday as it could be sung; and Madame Ronzi de Begnis also merited the approbation bestowed upon her exertions—though there is a shrillness in her voice which does not let it improve upon the ear, like that of our native warbler, Miss Stephens. Of the latter, by the bye, were it not too selfish, we should almost regret to hear it hinted, that, like her prototype the nightingale, she bids us farewell in May; if so, we hope it will be but a change in harmony. Lindley's violoncello ought not to be forgotten among the exquisite treats of the night—he makes it the instrument of pathos.

HAY-MARKET THEATRE.—Great alterations are making at this Theatre previous to its opening, it is intended, about the end of April. The ugly and inconvenient sounding-board over the stage is removed; the upper boxes festooned with draperies, the lower rendered more commodious by removing the two front seats, and substituting chairs; and a chandelier hung in the centre of the roof. The bad form of the audience part at the angles cannot be mended. Several excellent performers are already engaged—Liston at 30*l.* per week; Mr. C. Kemble at nearly the same; Mr. Terry, and Osberry: to these, it is expected, other efficient may be added, and Comedy played in the best style.

VARIETIES.

TURKISH JUSTICE.—The Turkish Ambassador, who was at Paris in 1798, bought a diamond of a jeweller in that city. While the bargain was concluding, one of his people stole a ring. A little child saw it, and told his father after the Turk was gone. The jeweller immediately wrote to the Ambassador, who sent him word that he should wait twenty-four hours. After the expiration of this time, the jeweller received a box directed to him, which he opened, and found in it the head of the thief, with the ring between his teeth!

China, &c.—The newspapers state that the Emperor of China, who was thought to be more favourable to Christianity than his predecessor, has issued an edict strictly forbidding any Missionary from going into the interior. We believe that no one enjoyed that privilege.—The Marquis of Hastings has commissioned Mr. Craufurd (author of the able history of the Indian Archipelago, published at Edinburgh in 1820) to survey the coasts of Siam and Cochinchina, and draw up a report on the productions, &c. of these countries, preparatory to more extended European intercourse with them.

FOSSIL SHIP!—*Brussels, March.*—A very extraordinary discovery has just been made at Capelle, in the canton of Waalwyk, in the province of North Brabant. While digging the foundation of a building, the workmen found the hull of a ship, the prow of which was the first part they met with; the poop appears to be buried a great depth in the ground. Much time and expence will be necessary to recover it entirely, and the more so, as it is completely filled with mud, and the vessel is about sixteen feet broad, and about sixty feet long. Hitherto it has not been possible to see the form of it sufficiently to distinguish the age to which it belongs. It is very difficult to determine the time when this vessel was buried in the middle of the land, unless it may have been in consequence of the inundation of 13th November, 1421; in which case it would have been four centuries underground.

A melodrama in three acts, called *Kenilworth Castle*, (Chateau de Kenilworth) has been produced at the Theatre de la Porte Saint Martin: it is founded, say the Parisian critics, on the Romance of Walter Scott.

The dramatic censors have interdicted all the dramas taken from the *Renegat* of M. d'Arlincourt.

Anecdote.—The celebrated physician Malouin, at Paris, had such a veneration for his profession, that he declared himself convinced that Moliere's death was a just judgment on him for his want of respect to the science of Medicine.—Being once a witness of the anxious punctuality with which a patient took a most nauseous medicine, he said to him with great solemnity, "Sir, you are worthy to be sick!"

A Correspondent sends us the following account of a curious Phenomenon, though produced by unphilosophical means. He submits it for explanation:—"Having placed a slice of dried Dutch salmon upon the point of a highly polished steel *toasting-fork*, and having held it at a moderate distance from the fire, with the intention of roasting it, I was surprised to observe that in a few minutes it appeared rather singularly decomposed, from circumstances not naturally, nor usually, the result of heat moderately applied; and upon closer examination, I found my 'breakfast relish' charged with a considerable portion of igneous matter. Upon holding it closer to the fire, the fish emitted frequent and vivid sparks of light, which were afterwards succeeded by

a sudden repulsion of the *toasting-fork* wire, very much resembling an electric shock. I have since repeated this experiment on a larger scale, which has been attended with similar effects, with these differences only:—the sparks have been more numerous—the repulsion of the wire has been sufficiently violent to create pain in the hand holding it—and the fish has retained a strong smell, not unlike that produced by striking two flints together."

LITERARY NOTICES.

Archdeacon Nares has in the press a *Glossary or Collection of Words, Phrases and Allusions to Customs, Proverbs, &c.* illustrating the works of British Classics, especially of the Age of Elizabeth. From the distinguished talents of the author, we are sure the public may anticipate a very interesting and entertaining work.

Mr. Hallam's work on the Middle Ages has been translated into French: a new translation of *Rasselas* has also appeared.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

MARCH.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday 21.	from 37 to 58	30.22 to 30.19
Friday 22.	from 37 to 57	30.24 to 30.31
Saturday 23.	from 39 to 60	30.19 to 29.92
Sunday 24.	from 40 to 50	29.67 to 29.67
Monday 25.	from 32 to 48	29.67 to 29.76
Tuesday 26.	from 32 to 58	29.97 to 30.10
Wednesday 27.	from 40 to 58	30.02 to 30.14

Rain fallen during the week, 1.25 of an inch.

The planet Venus, which a few weeks since was an admired crescent to the eastward of the Sun in the evening, is now a beautiful crescent to the westward of him in the morning, and may be seen by the naked eye from five till sun-rise.—The Spots on the Sun are at this time very interesting, there being one which is perceptible to the naked eye: it is about three times the size of our Earth.

TO OUR READERS.

THIS Number concludes the first quarter of the *Literary Gazette* for 1822. The Reviews have made our Readers fully acquainted with sixty-three new, and many of them expensive, publications. The miscellaneous divisions have been, we trust, worthy of a work so patronized, and agreeable to the popular taste, as combining, to a considerable extent, useful information with variety and entertainment. Further it does not become us to speak; but claiming for ourselves the merits of industry and independence, we may add, without egotism, in gratitude to the friends who enrich us with contributions, and in justice to the ample means which a very large circulation enables us to employ, that the foremost talents of the age adorn our columns in every branch; and that no pains or expence are spared to procure us the earliest important intelligence, on subjects embraced by our plan, from every corner of the globe.

Notwithstanding an apparently ample reserved impression of about 500 copies, to supply any additional demand with the new year, the increase of our Subscribers, within the short space of three months, has rendered it necessary for us to reprint the Numbers of the *Literary Gazette* for January; and we respectfully solicit all those who desire to perfect their sets, to do so without delay. Complete sets of the *Gazette*, from 1817, are not now to be purchased; but as we keep the yearly volumes as separate and in-

tegral as possible, any Subscriber may commence with 1819, 1820, or 1821, without loss of connexion.

Our paper, printing, and mechanical parts, are, we may say, very superior; and we can assure the Public, that every month opens to us channels for improvement, of which we anxiously endeavour to avail ourselves. There are not many periodical works, of any kind, in the kingdom, which enjoy so great a share of popular favour, or are encouraged by so wide a circulation: that we may continue to deserve such distinction, we pledge ourselves to the same inflexible impartiality, justice, and truth, which have already been rewarded in a manner so gratifying to honourable self-love and to baser interest. We shall take care that we are always able to defy impugnments, not guilty of conscious falsehood, to accuse the *Literary Gazette* with misleading opinion, even upon the minutest point, in its multifarious contents.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Sketch of Dr. Clarke is received; we request the writer to accept our thanks.

The Porcelain MS. &c. all right. A private letter will be sent.

We are much obliged to P. M.—Cantab.—and Q.—for their solutions of the Problem in our last; but the short notice in its proper place supersedes their use. Strange to tell, they are all different!

Laura (post-mark, Bristol) has sent an incomplete copy of verses; but if completed, though the thoughts are pretty, we do not think the whole would be sufficiently novel and polished for the *Lit. Gaz.*

Mr. L. Gahagan, of Bath, is assured that we knew nothing of his proposition to exhibit a "Memorial to our late beloved Sovereign" in May 1820. Our notice of arts and artists is as impartial as our literary criticisms, and utterly unswayed by party or connexion.

Upon inquiry, we find, and inform U. H. of Dublin, that the new matter in the present edition of Bisset's *Beign of George the Third* can be had in a separate volume to complete the former edition.

ADVERTISEMENTS

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

LITERARY FUND SOCIETY. Instituted 1780; Incorporated 1818.—The Thirty-third Anniversary of this highly useful and benevolent Institution, which has for its object the Protection and Relief of Authors in distress, will be held at the Free Masons' Tavern, on Tuesday the 31st of May, at which time H.R.H. the DUKE of YORK will graciously condescend to take the Chair.

The Company of all such Noblemen and Gentlemen as may feel a desire to assist in rescuing from want and poverty Authors of acknowledged talents and integrity, is earnestly requested upon an occasion so interesting to the general cause of Literature.

MR. MARTIN'S New Picture of the DESTRUCTION of HERCULEANUM and POMPEII, with the principal part of his other Paintings and Drawings, is now open for Public inspection at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly.—Admission, 1s.

Gothic Architecture.—Just published, by Priestley & Weale, Booksellers, 25, High-street, Bloomsbury, on Forty-five Atlas Folio Plates, accompanied by a History of the Structure, an Authentic Account of its Restoration, and a separate Description of each Plate.

A SERIES OF PLANS, ELEVATIONS, and SECTIONS, with Mouldings and Ornaments, full size, of the magnificent Chapel of King Henry the Seventh, at Westminster. Taken and drawn from actual measurement, by Mr. Cottingham, Arch. Price 2l. 3s. or on large Paper, of which only a few are printed, price 4l. 14s. 6d.

Priestley & Weale are preparing a very extensive and valuable Catalogue of Books on Architecture, Painting and Sculpture, which may be had upon application.

C. STOCKING begs to inform his Friends and the Public in general, that he has just published (Price 1s.) an extensive Catalogue of every new and standard Work connected with the Literature of the day, to which he solicits their attention.

C. S. begs to add, that he regularly supplies Reviews, Magazines, Law Reports, and every new Work, at the instant of publication.

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THIS Gallery, for the Exhibition and Sale of the Works of Modern Artists, is open daily from Ten in the Morning until Five in the Evening. (By order) JOHN YOUNG, Keeper.

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PHYSIOGNOMICAL PORTRAITS.—On the 14th of March was published, in Imperial 8vo. price 1l. 1s. the Fifth Part of the above Work, containing Ten highly-finished Portraits, engraved in the Line Manner, by the most eminent British Artists, and accompanied by Biographical Notices in English and French. A limited number of Proofs on India Paper, are published in Royal 4to. price 2l. 2s. With this Part will be given a finely engraved Title-page, completing the First Volume. The remaining Five Parts, forming the Second Volume, will appear Quarterly, with that undeviating regularity which has been observed in the publication of the First; when thus completed, the Work will form a most unique Display of the modern British School of Line Engraving, in no fewer than One Hundred Characters of distinguished Fame, and Physiognomical Expression.

Published for the Proprietor, by John Major, Skinner-street; Robert Jennings, Poultry; and Robert Triphook, Old Bond-street.

DR. REES'S CYCLOPEDIA.—Those Subscribers who intend to bind up their Copies of this extensive Work, are respectfully solicited by F. Westley, Friar-street, Doctors' Commons, to forward him with their Orders; and he begs to refer to the recommendation of his particular qualifications for the undertaking, by the Publishers (within the Cover of Vol. 30, Part 2), for whom he boarded nearly the whole of the Work during its publication in Paris.

Specimens of Binding, and a list of Prices of the various styles, may be seen as above, or at No. 10, Stationers'-court, Ludgate-hill, where letters of inquiry will have prompt attention.

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Mar. 30, 1822.

Shortly will be published, in 3 vols. Post 8vo.

THE FORTUNES OF NIGEL. By the Author of "Waverley," "The Pirate," "Kenilworth," &c.

Printed for Archibald Constable & Co. Edinburgh; and Hurst, Robinson, & Co. 90, Cheapside, London.

Early in May will be published, by Priestley & Weale, Booksellers, 5, High-street, Bloomsbury, (Dedicated, by permission, to the President, Council, and Fellows of the Royal Society.)

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND WORKS OF SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN; with a View of the Progress of Architecture in England, from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the end of the Seventeenth Century; also, an Appendix of Authentic Documents. By JAMES KILMES, Architect.

The Work will be handsomely printed in Quarto, price 2l. 12s. 6d. in 4ls. embellished with a Portrait engraved by Scriven from the original Portrait by Sir Godfrey Kneller in the Council Chamber of the Royal Society; and some Architectural Plates, by Lowry, after Drawings by the Author.

April 1st. Price 6s. 6d.

ELECTOR'S REMEMBRANCE; or a Guide to the Votes of each Member of the House of Commons in the present Parliament. Giving an Account of the particular conduct of each Member; with general Observations, &c. &c. A similar Work has been published in France, and has been found of great utility.

2. The Exposé of the Present Administration, in a Pamphlet intitled, "The State of the Nation in 1822." Under the Four Departments—Finance, Foreign Relations, Home Department, Colonies, &c.

3. Mr. Malins's Pamphlet on the Present State of the Police.

4. A Defence of Vegetable Regimen, showing that we were not born to eat Animal Food, &c.

5. Mr. Heathfield's Observations on the Debt, Agriculture, Trade, &c.

6. Sir H. Parnell's History of the Penal Laws against the Catholics to the Union. (Now out of print.)

7. On the Controversy between Lord Byron and Mr. Bowles, relative to Pope and Poetry.

All the above are printed in The Pamphleteer, No. XXXIX. which is published Quarterly, and records the best Pamphlets of the day at about 6d. each.—The Work is particularly adapted for Clubs, Societies, and Institutions.

Sold by Longman & Co.; Sherwood & Co.; Simpkin & Co.; Black, Parbury, Allen, & Co.; W. Carpenter; and all other Booksellers, by a general order, where may be had Sets in boards or in Numbers.

The following important Works will be published in the course of April, by Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown, London:—

TRAVELS IN GEORGIA, PERSIA, ARMENIA, ANCIENT BABYLONIA, &c. &c. during the Years 1817, 1818, 1819, 1820. By Sir Robert Ker Porter, &c. &c. Vol. II. 4to. with numerous Engravings of Portraits, Costumes, Antiquities, &c. &c.

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5. **ORIENTAL LITERATURE,** applied to the Illustration of the Sacred Scriptures; especially with reference to Antiquities, Traditions and Manners, collected from the most celebrated Writers and Travellers, Ancient and Modern: designed as a Sequel to *Oriental Customs*. By the Rev. S. Burder, A.M. 2 vols. 8vo.

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